TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 2, No. 48 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietor. Office—5 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, OCTOBER 26, 1889. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 100

Around Town.

I have been thinking about writers and their methods, possibilities and limitations this week and if I talk something which may flavor of "shop," I hope it will be excused. A recent incident, the nature of which it is unnecessary to explain, has vividly illustrated to me the popular delight in being humbugged. I never really believed with Phineas T. Barnum that people would rather be humbugged than told the truth until, by a series of experiments and careful observation, I was forced to confess that illusions are the most cherished companions of the human heart. I am not sufficiently romantic to esteem romance as preferable to the truth, and like the majority of people who have a decided preference it always seemed impossible to me that a directly contrary opinion could be held by any sensible person, and thus I could not believe that even the most fervent nature would desire to surround itself with unreality and deny the wholesomeness of the truths which every day endeavor to force themselves upon the reason. I admit my mistake as to the popular desire for the unreal, though by making this admission I do not declare my intention of departing from my old theory that truth is the basis upon which every writer and publicist should plant himself, regardless of the fact that mankind has most distinctly shown that it is not in search of what is absolutely true but of what it would like to believe to be true or has been taught to believe is truth. In a weekly commentary, such as is only possible to an ephemeral writer whose opinion is given for to-day and is forgotten to-morrow, unless he persists in quoting himself and thereby becoming a bore, it is possible to follow the line which one's judgment dictates, and which the opinion of the moment approves of. Such work is colloquial, and if it has a merit it must consist of expressing the idea upon a current topic which the reader himself has expected, or, if previously uninformed, is willing to accept. This makes it an easy task for anyone conversant with passing events to bring home to the mind of nearly every reader, undisputed truths. It cannot be denied that the writer, skilful in using the illustrations of the passing show, has a great advantage inasmuch as that which is well known is used as the basis of an argument to reach a point which it is desirable to establish as a truth. Even sentimentalism, which is not necessarily romantic, has an opportunity in such writing, for we are all wondering how the rest of the world lives and it is perpetual pleasure to speculate upon the surroundings and motives of our neighbors whose lives are concealed from us. It does not require unusual astuteness to reason from the little events which make up the history of the week to the mental process and human possibilities which are the same in nearly every life. The primary requirement is the application of rules which become apparent to us as we observe the panorama of joys and sorrows, of ambitions and disappointments marked here and there by the tableaux of despair and fright and the spectacle first of defiance and finally of weariness and indifference. I am certainly not endeavoring to belittle the art by which such writers live, for while it is well known that "the proper study of mankind is man," but few have been able to become successful students in a department where the material for study is so great. Ideas with regard to all subjects of this sort are plenty enough, but they are either unaccompanied by the power of expression or fail to find a vehicle to convey the impression to the public. As a rule the writer is a great reader and his reading while it often helps him as often confuses him, distorts his views and is liable to make him judge mankind from the people who live in books rather than from the men and women who surround him. Most frequently those who are successful in portraying the realities of life are those who have been forced by circumstances to fight their way through the world and to learn the methods of men and women rather than the style of authors, but it is the misfortune of such writers to be ignorant of the greatest beauties of the language, beauties which can only be learned at the feet of a scholar or by studying the methods and imitating the expression of great writers.

***

When we pass from the region of ephemeral literature into that which, though not the classics of our language, has a permanent attractiveness, and seek to find the chief charm which has enabled it to survive, "realism" has but a small place. And again in the still lighter literature which has been able to live longer than the year in which it was written, I believe it to be a fact that it is almost always a direct encouragement of the illusions which are as permanent as humanity itself.

***

Dealing with romance as the lightest of all the forms of permanent literature, it is certainly true of the English-speaking world that the writing must be heroic or romantic. The grotesque and satirical will always have a place but realism, the truth about men and things, is either forgotten or must occupy a small space. We have not yet outlived the period when Dickens by his wonderful portraiture of life made a glorious place for himself and his work in the affection of the world, but Dickens may not retain his prominence when his life and the surroundings of his characters are robed in the damp and unbeautiful garments of the past. The romantic surroundings, in historic position, of Sir Walter Scott's heroes will always be a study, and though they may not really portray the life of the time which they profess to illustrate, they must necessarily be a classic in the British library. There is but little doubt "that since Fielding wrote Tom Jones no Englishman has dared to fully and truthfully portray the character of any of his compatriots." As we have drifted away from the romance which surrounded that chivalric period in which Sir Knights and Guineveres figured when crusading instead of real estate speculating was the popular profession, successful writers have found new illusions, and if they have not been of the Jules Verne and Haggard order, where strange peoples and new worlds were discovered, they have been the work of those who have invested everyday life with the perfection and romantic attractiveness which does not belong to the age or to the race. Frenchmen have tried to write of life as it is and we all know that the world has shut its eyes and pursed up its lips in horror because what they declare to be realism was often so evil and repulsive. It is the habit of superfine people to denounce their work as being the scourings of the gutter. Perhaps they may be right insomuch as the true character of mankind may not be an instructive or elevating study, but they are wrong if they insist that realism can have about it the halo and perfection of romanticism. Man is a gross, it might almost be said a grovelling creature. He has moments of elation, there are times when the beauty of his character is forced into prominence and lights up the whole world with its radiance, but even in the noblest characters there are impulses which are of the earth most earthy, characteristics which of the flesh are most fleshly. Romantic writers tell us there are characters which may be selected from the noble exceptions, but there is no science which has become a popular or profitable study in this workaday world, which deals with anything but the rule, not the exception. We have endeavored in every study to formulate principles which govern, rules which apply to the occurrences of the day. We may have in small type a list of exceptions, and they may be numerous in some cases, like the irregular verbs in Greek, but the rules are not made for the exception, and the aim to illustrate and teach the absolute truth in fiction, should be the rule, though popular fancy has forced it to become insignificant, as compared with profusely decorated romanticism. We must show our heroes in the light of a cavalier, our heroines with the wings of an angel, though we know that the cavaliers of the past, who shine in story as gentle creatures who bowed so gracefully and said: "By my troth, fair lady," spent their nights in debauch and their days in brawling, and won knightly spurs by killing peasants and burning villages and beating women. We can weep over "my lady" too, though acquainted with the fact that the dame of chivalric times was unaware of the virtues of a morning bath, and swore at her retainers in a way which would nowadays be considered unconventional, to say the least. The people who move through the stories which do most delight us, must not be patterned even after the inmates of the most perfect home we have known. The man must not have the weaknesses of mankind if the story is to be of the pure and exemplary sort. The woman must be above suspicion and incapable of showing temper; but the world has grown so fast, and the imperfections of the race have become so well known, that even with the enormous capacity for being humbugged which we constantly evince, this sort of thing has been rejected except by managers of Sunday school libraries. That which has taken its place is less faithful to nature and a greater libel upon nature than the biography of awfully good people. Nowadays the hero is generous to a fault, considerate when harassed by the thousand irritants which fester in the flesh of those who have to make their way in spite of opposition and unfortunate circumstances. The beautiful men are never unjust, never scold, are not ungenerous, in their most heated moments they never forget their good breeding and their duty to their wife, family and friends, though to this they make one great, and as a rule, a solitary exception. They have a great vice. The rules of the romantic school permit their heroes to be opium eaters, drunkards, adulterers, and in fact to have one conspicuous failing, but they must be "well bred." The heroines may be coquettes, anything, everything but "vulgar"; they may be unfaithful in conduct but must be grammatical in speech; inside they may be full of all uncleanness, but externally they must be polished and polite. In fact they may be the exact type of women we do not want to know in real life, but properly clothed by dressmakers and romanticists we dote on them in a tale.

***

In politics we are confronted by the same phenomena. Leaders become endeared to people because they have been successful and we search even amongst ourselves here in Canada for a better reason, for a firmer foundation for our faith than mere hero worship. Political parties grow to mean everything to partisans and the names they wear are sacred to them though abhorrent to others. A sentimentality which would be inconceivable were it not daily exhibited to us, makes men cling to a party which habitually and consistently misuses them. Truth has little or no place in an argument with such people; if ever Ephraim is separated from his idols it will be by offering him a new love, probably more worthless as it is more attractive than the first.

***

Then in religion, what share has realism in controling the most exalted emotions? None. No two people have a similar conception of Deity; no one a definite ideal which can be expressed. As in other emotional and spiritual affairs, we must seek for final truths in Divine revelation, we must apply ourselves to the Bible for a reason for the indefinite ideal which has been given us. Nowhere does God describe Himself. The inference is plain that man can not know, because he cannot appreciate the exact truth. In nothing is he more perceptibly finite than in this respect. He must have a something about which to weave his imaginings, but cannot be permitted to know, to feel, and to handle that which must not be debased. The only thing which man cannot debase is that from which he is separated by the veil of romance or mystery. A woman—God's noblest and purest creation—ceases to be an angel to a man when the mystery and sacredness which surrounded her ceases to exist. As the temple of the Hebrews had its veil and its holy of holies, so must all things which are not to become common and unclean. We may struggle to know the real, but we dwell in the ideal, though not necessarily in the romantic. In idealism only do we find those things which rest us, help us and beautify our lives. In real life sometimes we are shown examples which are worthy of imitation, but it is idealism which prompts us to undertake similar exploits. Then while we may appreciate and magnify that which is real, after all we fall back upon the unreal for our types and seek for the same ideal—romantic or so-called "fanatical"—inspiration which impelled others to self sacrifice and martyrdom.

***

What clothes life with the not inconsiderable beauty it possesses? The imagination. If there be no imaginative power there is no beauty; nothing but sensuality and it is ephemeral, unsatisfying, degrading and ultimately destructive. Even in sensual enjoyments the pleasure ceases if there be no illusion, no novelty of incident, which is nothing but a chance for the imaginative to escape from the dejecting trammels of experience. We are all hunting for novelties. Why? We are aware that after all everything we may find will be like the things we have found, but while experience does not directly unveil that which is to happen we think that it may be unusual and interesting. You cannot frighten the ex-convict with a prospective term in prison, because he knows it to be endurable, and that is all material life is at best, nor can the sailor be kept at home by storms, for he has passed through tempests and to him the sea is more familiar than the land. The drunkard cannot be frightened from his tipple by the sight of others dying in the delirium of drink. An ambition, a nobler ideal, must first take possession of him.

***

Is it strange then that the unreal, the absolutely impossible, should so greatly interest and control us? If children, who are but the natural types of unspoiled men and women, whose capacity for pleasure has been unimpaired by experience which always renders illusions impossible or difficult, can be happier than grown folk, why should we seek to disillusionize ourselves and make it more difficult to enjoy life? The little girl is fonder of her old rag doll than of the waxen beauty, because it leaves something for her imagination to do; because she can clothe its indefiniteness with a thousand charms incomparably superior to the fixed beauty of the waxen face; the little boy has wilder and more exciting adventures on his hobby horse than he will ever find on a real pony or mounted on a prancing charger. So we grown folks, tired and earthworn, find our joys in the rag babies of our imagination and in riding hilariously on some toy horse given us by those who understand and perhaps trade on our weaknesses. Realism in politics, religion and literature may appeal to our reason, but it evidently offends refined tastes while it enlarges our experience. It being the fact that an enlargement of experience decreases our capacity for enjoyment and robs us of illusions, it ceases to be startling that in literature realism is shunned by all except *blase* people, while romance, as it adds to our illusions and consequently to our pleasures, is eagerly sought after. Yet in spite of this I love realism better, for even if my life be short and its end uninteresting and joyless, I would rather know the world as it is, and die ripe in experience, than live long and die full of years and ignorance after having humbugged myself and others in an effort to preserve delusions which, when we begin to protect, cultivate and caress them, become as monotonous and commonplace as the poor, hard-featured realities themselves.

***

At their annual convention which closed in Ottawa on Tuesday the Baptists placed themselves on record as being opposed to any connection between church and state. This has long been a tenet of the Baptist faith, a large number of their ministers even going so far as to insist upon paying their taxes. The convention was almost unanimous, only two delegates, both of them strong Grit politicians, opposing the proposition. The resolutions were passed in such an order as to make apparent the genuineness of the desire for reform. First of all, exemptions were denounced; secondly it was decided that Baptist ministers should pay their taxes like other people, and having shown that they were not afraid to face the work by assuming their share of the burden, they proceeded to endorse the broader proposition that there should be no connection whatever between church and state, which, of course, is aimed at all denominational grants, separate schools and public subsidies which go into the hands of those who are sectarian rather than secular authorities.

***

I was not surprised to see the opposition offered by the politicians to the attack upon the connection still maintained in Canada between church and state. One of these gentlemen even went so far as to intimate that this attack was almost treasonable, inasmuch as it threatened the existence of Confederation. The other urged that it would be distinctly a breach of faith to attempt to do away with separate schools, alleging at the same time that "there had been no extension of the compromise in Ontario, embodied as it was in the law of 1863." This was distinctly a reply to the charge made by Conservatives that Mr. Mowat has been tinkering with the separate school law and extending its scope in this province. In rebuttal one delegate denounced in most unmeasured terms all compromises with evil. Rev. A. P. McDiarmid went so far as to say that "if there was a wrong principle in our constitution the sooner they got it out of there the better, if the constitution was smashed to pieces in the doing of it." Mr. D. E. Thomson, a well-known barrister of this city, concluded an able speech by repudiating "all covenants and bargains that withdrew him from the God-given right of refusing to be taxed for the support of religion if he saw fit." Chancellor McVicar held that "their consciences were not to be bound by any promises or compromises of the governments or politicians in times past. Parts of Confederation had succumbed to these compromises, New Brunswick had not done so." This reference to New Brunswick will not please the ears of Mr. Mowat or his friends, and it is not strange that the politicians before referred to endeavored to keep the

THE QUEEN OF THE HAREM.

discussion from taking the shape it did. It is well known that the Baptists, who are a numerous body in the Maritime provinces, belonged unanimously to the Reform party, but on the New Brunswick school question, in which they manifested their unalterable opposition to any connection between church and state, they went over almost in a body to the Conservatives, and thereby carried their point, and it may be stated are working with the Conservative party in that province to-day. In the Province of Ontario the Baptists are by no means an insignificant denomination, and everyone who knows politics is aware that as their brethren in New Brunswick were, so the Baptists of this province are—adherents of the Liberal party. This being the case, if the question comes up before the Legislature in any form so as to appeal to Baptist principles, Mr. Mowat has reason to believe that this important section of his followers will probably vote against him and achieve the same victory that they did in New Brunswick. Fortunately, however, for Mr. Mowat, Mr. Meredith seems to be entirely without a policy either on this or any other point, except the Parliament buildings. He has been silent so long, that as the provincial elections approach and their leader has nothing to say, his followers begin to imagine that he believes the fight to be hopeless or that he does not expect to be leader in the campaign. However this may be, it is apparent that there is a feeling in the community which if appealed to would sustain any man who would make a square fight for good old-fashioned principles and let "compromises" and "bargains" alone. This has been demonstrated in Manitoba; the Baptist convention and the history of that sect in New Brunswick show that we have material in this province which a fight would rally around what they believe to be right regardless of politics.

***

While discussing the question of elevated tracks along the Esplanade, those able gentlemen who have superintended the improvements on Jarvis street, with which they are so disgusted, owing to the heavy traffic occupying all the space, might get some engineer to report on the feasibility and expense of a Jarvis street viaduct where the carriages and foot passengers would have a chance, as it is apparent that the Council intends to give them no relief.

***

The report that the Prince of Wales is suffering from an incurable disease which is likely to terminate his life within a year has proven by the comments of the press how popular the heir-apparent has become both in Great Britain and the colonies. There was a time in the history of His Royal Highness when his habits excited the fear that if ever he became king he would cut an exceedingly "wide swath" and make his palaces again echo with sounds which were so familiar in the reigns of some of his merry predecessors; but as his responsibilities increased and he was forced to undertake those public duties to which the Queen did not feel able to attend he evinced so much sturdy English sense, together with such great tact that the people discovered that he was exactly the material for a king. It has been frequently demonstrated that those occasions, where His Royal Highness was the central figure at gatherings, and he was compelled to say polite and pleasing things in reply to wearisome addresses, occupied no inconsiderable portion of his time, and yet he never appeared unwilling to comply with any reasonable request. The fact that he is much better loved than some of his brothers, that his experience would make him a safe man, that should he die the crown would rest on a youthful head after the Queen's decease, all make the English people anxious to hear the rumor denied, but the denial has been so slow in coming that the worst is feared. In a democratic country with a written constitution the man at the head of affairs is in some respects of more importance than a king, but in others he is of scarcely any importance at all. If the sceptre of Great Britain were to be held by a foolish and reckless youth a revolution might result, insomuch as the democracy of Great Britain has become exceedingly powerful and the attachment to the person of the Queen and the heir-apparent merely a sentimental tie. Yet there is little ground for fear. Monarchy has lived in England through periods when both the king and the people proved themselves unfit to govern, and amidst the safeguards of to day we should certainly feel safe. DON.

Social and Personal.

It will be long before Thursday of last week is forgotten. The ball given by Sir David and Lady Macpherson was a brilliant success. It is many years since I first attended a ball in Toronto. My memory of such events dates back to the days of Sir William and Lady Howland at Government House, and one of the earliest dances of my recollection took place under their hospitable roof. Since those days it has been my privilege to attend balls of every kind, public and private, magnificent and the reverse, small and early, large and late, comprehensive and exclusive, and, if such a task would not be invidious, it would be easy to name those, which, for one reason or another, were most worthy of remembrance. The success of Sir David and Lady Macpherson has, in my day, but seldom been equalled and still more rarely surpassed. As all those who know Chestnut Park, and their name is legion, will attest there exists scarcely a house in Toronto more eminently adapted to the purpose to which it was put last week. To say that no pains had been spared to add to its natural advantages, is not to say enough. The arrangements for the comfort, convenience and enjoyment of the guests were so complete that only those who have had a similar work to do, and on so large a scale, can appreciate the care and thought that must have been devoted to every detail. I don't know whether the construction of the house would admit of ingress being given to the guests by a back entrance, but if so, the only inconvenience of the evening would have been obviated. The crush in the halls before the dancing began was sufficiently severe, and was caused as much by those who, in wraps and coats, were making their way to the dressing-rooms as by the earlier comers, who, after the fashion of ball-goers, were making up their programmes in a space very much more contracted than that which they might have occupied.

*

To speak of the arrangements which made the ball there so delightful. There were two dancing rooms, each with a band of its own, and sufficiently distant the one from the other. The floors, even of the picture gallery and the library, were perfection, the music very fair indeed. The long dining-room, with access both from hall and picture gallery, was first of all tea room, and, after being closed for a short time, supper room, while for the latter purpose the inner hall was also utilized. Numerous small tables were spread in the latter rooms, and their use was much appreciated. But it was in the arrangement and decoration of the conservatories that most skill and forethought had been shown. The two passages leading from the picture gallery were too narrow to allow of seats, but all round the central dome, into which those passages diverge, were placed luxurious chairs and couches. Here a fountain splashed in the midst, and overhead, amongst the foliage, Chinese lanterns and fairy lights shed dim and many-colored rays. The graperies and peach houses beyond were also lined with seats. The contrast between the glare and noise of the ball-rooms and the semi-obscurity and silence of the conservatories was most refreshing, and so attractive were the latter that many people preferred their charms to those of the dance itself. But it was not only in them that one could "sit out." The broad staircase furnished comfortable seats to many, from which they could readily see and criticise their friends in the halls below. The two drawing-rooms offered numberless sofas and settees where *chaperones* could not but be contented, and where they certainly looked it. The billiard-room, with its old carved chairs and pleasant dimness, was highly popular.

*

Lady Macpherson was aided in her onerous duties by Mesdames Dobel, Kirkpatrick, Meyrick-Bankes and Percival Ridout. The heroine of the occasion, Miss Dobel of Quebec, was the observed of all observers, and was far from belying the second syllable of her name. A few of those who shared this lady's honors were Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Miss Campbell, Miss Hodgins, Miss Langmuir, Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Miss Robinson, the Misses Boulton.

The guests were as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Victor Armstrong, Miss Bunting, the Misses Bethune, Miss Blake, the Misses D'Arcy Boulton, the Misses Beatty, Miss Murphy, the Misses Boulton, Messrs. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. Melford Boulton, Mr. Gordon Brown, Mr. and Mrs. George Bethune, Miss Bond, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse, the Misses Brouse, Messrs. Boyd, the Misses Beardmore, Messrs Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. Bristol, Mr. Russell Baldwin, Mr. Kenneth Cameron, Miss Campbell, Mr. Colin Campbell, Mrs. Cattanach, Miss Crooks, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cumberland, Mr. Fraser, the Misses Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cayley, Mr. and Mrs. John Cawthra, Miss Cousins, Mrs. Cunningham, Mr. Victor Cawthra, Mr. and Miss Du Moulin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Darling, Mr. and Miss Drayton, Mr. and Mrs. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. De Lisle, the Misses King-Dodds, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Foy, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Miss McCarthy, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Fisken, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. R. Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Galt, Mr. and Mrs. P. Galt, Dr. and Mrs. Grassett, Miss Bloomfield, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grassett, Mr. Gillespie, Capt. and Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. W. Gwynne, Mrs. Crombie, Miss Gwynne, Col. and Mrs. Grassett, Mr. and Mrs. Geddes, Mrs. Gibb, Gen. and Mrs. Sandham, Miss Turner, Mr. E. Henderson, the Messrs. Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Campbell, Mr. and the Misses Hoskin, Miss Carpmael, Miss Haggarty, Mr. and Mrs. George Haggarty, Mr. F. Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. Hebden, Mr. and Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Heinaman, Mr. and Mrs. Ince, Miss Ince, Mrs. Hamilton Jarvis, Miss Clarkson-Jones, Messrs. Jones, Miss Kingsmill, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Kerstman, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Le Roy, Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Miss Langmuir, Messrs. Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Langton, Capt. and Mrs. Law, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Miss Grant Macdonald, Messrs. Grant Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Moffatt, the Misses Moss, Messrs. Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. James Morrison, the Misses McMurray, Mr. Hamilton Merritt, the Misses Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem, the Misses Morris, Messrs. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Maclock, the Misses and Messrs. Meredith, Miss and Messrs. Moffatt, Mr. and Miss McLean, the Misses McCutcheon, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Mahon, Messrs. McKay. Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch, Miss Mowat, Mr. Stewart Morrison, Miss Macdonell, Messrs. Macdonell, the Misses Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Nesbitt, Mr. O'Brien, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, the Misses Osler, Messrs Osler, Miss Otter, Mr. McInnis, Mr. and Mrs. Payne, Mrs. Prince, Miss Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Plumme, Mr. and Miss Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Ridout, Mr. Grant Ridout, Miss Beverley Robinson, Messrs. Beverley-Robinson, the Misses Chanley, the Messrs. Chanley, Miss Frank Smith, Miss Small, the Messrs. Small, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Patteson, Mr. Godfrey Patterson, the Misses Strachan, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Skae, the Misses Spratt, Messrs. Spratt, Dr. and Mrs. Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Smith, Mr. and Miss Grant Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Dyce Saunders, Mr. Street, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Torrance, Mr. and Mrs. Thorburn, Mr. Temple, the Misses Todd, the Misses Tompson, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, the Misses Wragge, Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Dr. and Mrs. Walker.

Mr. and Miss Wilkie, Miss Yarker, Messrs. Pipon, Roberts, Thomas, Tilley, Gamble, Jones, Fox, Wells, Molson, Reed, Harrison, Marriand, Dernford, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Jas. Morris, Messrs. Scott, Pike, Dr. Allan Baynes, Messrs. Frank Darling, Hayes, Oliver, Howland, Dickson Patterson, Jarvis, Frank Joseph, Carpmael, Morrow, Captain Burns, Messrs. Cronyn, Baker, Hume Blake, Casimer Dickson, Andrews, Hollyer, Captain McDougall, Mr. Ward of Port Hope, Messrs. Bingman, Simpson, Lindsay, R. M. Macpherson, Crooks, A. H. S. Vankoughnet, Gates, Evans, Tait, Abbot, Burns, Troupe, Hamilton, McInnis, G. Vankoughnet, Watson, Walker, Carson, Raymond, Pouw, Fay, Robinson, Scott, Griffin and Sir Henry Edwards, Messrs. Henry Brassey, Hickens, Robertson and Sotheron Estcourt of England.

*

The dresses were pronounced universally elegant. As to color, white naturally held the preponderance, while combinations and delicate tints were also noticed. Lady Macpherson wore a toilette of black and white brocaded velvet, with diamond ornaments; Mrs. Meyrick-Bankes, a pale green satin, with exquisite gold embroidery, and diamonds; Mrs. Kirkpatrick, silver brocade and tulle, with a panel of pink roses, ornaments, diamonds; Mrs. Dobel's dress was of pink brocade, draped with old point lace, and her ornaments were diamonds; Miss Dobel, white *poult de soie*, with ruching of pink roses round the bottom, ornaments, diamonds and pearls; Miss Langton wore white silk gauze, with pearl ornaments; Mrs. Percival Ridout, black satin, jetted trimming and diamonds; Miss Kirkpatrick, dark green tulle, with velvet bodice and pearl ornaments; Miss Marjorie Campbell, white chambray gauze, with white flowers; Mrs. Nordheimer's dress was composed entirely of white Brussels point and draped, over sole royale. The lace fell in jabots at each side of the back drapery; ornaments, diamonds and emeralds; Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, gray tulle, with steel trimmings; Miss Vankoughnet, white tulle and black velvet; Mrs. Geddes, white silk, with white embroidery; Mrs. Cattanach, blue and silver brocade, and diamonds; Miss Blake, white and mauve; Miss Beatty, white silk, *crepe de chine*; Miss Cawthra, white gauze; Mrs. Cunningham, royal blue moire; Mrs. Henderson, gray silk and *crepe de chine*; Mrs. Holland, white corded silk and lace; Mrs. Kerr, white and pale green; Miss Carpmael, pink silk.

*

Mrs. W. H. Beattie was At Home on Wednesday afternoon of last week, and a large number of guests responded to her invitation by presenting themselves at The Oaks in the Queen's Park.

*

Mrs. Becher of Rosedale gave an At Home on the afternoon of Saturday, October 19. Mrs. Becher's guests were numerous, and the advantages of her charming residence were much appreciated.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Robinson of Bloor street have returned from a trip to Europe. Mrs. Robinson was At Home to her friends on Saturday last, and from 4.30 till 6 her rooms were crowded.

*

Mr. Henry Brassey, a younger brother of Lord Brassey, the present first Lord of the Admiralty, and Mr. G. Sotheron Estcourt, M.P., who were in town last week, were among the guests at the ball at Chestnut Park. These gentlemen have left for a trip to the West. They will return to England via San Francisco and New York.

*

Amongst other distinguished visitors from England, during the past week, were Sir Henry Edwards and Mr. E. H. Robertson of London. Mr. Robertson is on his way to India, where he is to be tutor to Lord Kerry and his younger brother, the sons of the Viceroy, our late Governor-General.

*

The Baron and Baroness Von Huecken of Hamburg, North Germany, have been staying with friends on Jarvis street. These distinguished foreigners left town last week to continue their journey to New Orleans and South America.

*

Mr. Holmes, R. N., arrived last week from Halifax to spend a portion of his long leave with friends in town.

*

Miss Jessie McInnes of Dundurn, Hamilton, is staying with Mrs. James Strachan on Richmond street.

*

Miss Schreiber of Kingston is the guest of Miss Campbell at Government House.

*

Amongst the numerous travelers from Europe who have lately been visiting Toronto on their homeward course, are Sir Henry Hill, Hon. Arthur Thyrritt and the Messrs. Patton. These gentlemen have been mountaineering and exploring in Alaska.

*

Mrs. Stephen Heward's invitations for her daughter's marriage on Tuesday of next week, engraved in New York, are works of art. As I mentioned before, the wedding will be a comparatively quiet one. The invitations are said to be limited to the number of two hundred, but an event which, for many reasons, is of such special interest to society, is certain to attract a large congregation to St. James' Cathedral.

*

Although the number of absentees from town will not be nearly as large this winter as last, yet a good many people, amongst them some who can ill be spared, are intending to winter in Europe. Mrs. Cattanach sails from New York on October 30, and will be accompanied by Miss Robinson and Mr. Beverley Robinson. I hear that Messrs. Fox and Colin Campbell are to cross the Atlantic at about the same date.

*

Mr. Lowe of the Royal Grenadiers has returned from a trip to England. Mr. Lowe has taken up his quarters in a house which he has purchased at Oakville.

*

Miss Maud Vankoughnet has come back to town from Port Hope.

*

Mr. George Sim has returned to town after an extended tour round South America and up the Pacific coast of the United States.

In St. Luke's Church on Tuesday, October 22, Mr. Archibald Duncan McLean was united in marriage to Miss Alice Meredith, daughter of Mr. E. A. Meredith, Q C. The ceremony was performed by the Ven. Archdeacon Bedford Jones of Kingston, assisted by Rev. Dr. Langtry. There were five bridesmaids—Miss Ethel Meredith, Miss Dolly Nanton, Miss Morna Meredith, and the Misses J. and Maude McLean. Mr. Claude Macdonald was best man, and Messrs. A. McLean, J. French, Davidson Harmon, Geo. Burton, and Masters Colborne Meredith and Edmund Awde officiated as ushers.

*

The bride's dress was of white royale silk. *en train*, and her flowers were white roses. The bridesmaids wore white Henrietta with green ribbon trimmings and green gloves. Many valuable and beautiful gifts were presented, and after a reception at the house of the bride's father Mr. and Mrs. McLean left on their wedding journey amid the earnest good wishes of their assembled friends and the proverbial rice shower.

*

On the morning of Tuesday, October 22, Mr. Wm. MacTavish was married to Miss Ellen T. Lee, daughter of Mr. W. A. Lee. The marriage ceremony was performed in St. Mary's Church by Rev. F. B. Rooney, assisted by Rev. Fathers Kiernan and Crews. The bride's sister, Miss Fanny Lee, attended her sister, and Mr. Frank Anglin was groomsman. The wedding breakfast was served at the residence of the bride's father, after which the newly wedded couple took the 12.20 train for New York and other eastern cities.

*

A promenade concert under the patronage of His Honor the Lieut.-Governor and Miss Marjorie Campbell was held last evening at the Victoria Club, Huron street.

On Tuesday afternoon Capt. Charles Macdougall of C School of Infantry and Miss Josephine Hawke were wedded at St. James Cathedral. Lieut. T. G. Evans was groomsman, and Miss Manning attended the bride. The bride's toilette was white poplin and *crepe de chene*, veil and orange blossoms. The bridesmaid also wore white, and a large white hat with yellow plumes. After a reception at the residence of the bride's father, Capt. and Mrs. Macdougall departed on the evening train for New York.

*

On Tuesday evening Covenant Lodge No. 52 I.O.O.F. celebrated its twenty-first anniversary by giving an At Home at Harry Webb's assembly rooms. There were about two hundred people present. An excellent orchestra was in attendance, and the devotees of Terpsichore had ample opportunity for enjoying their favorite amusement. After supper short speeches were made by Mayor Clarke, Grand Secretary King, Treasurer Badenach, Past Grand Patriarch Oliver and District Deputy Grand Patriarch Unitt. Among the guests I noticed Mayor and Mrs. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Cleghorn, Grand Secretary J. B. King and the Misses King, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Baker, Miss Colby, Mrs. Murray Dickson, whose singing contributed much to the evening's enjoyment, Miss Phillips, Miss Gin, Mr. and Mrs. Clemmie, Mr. and the Misses McCormick, Dr. G. B. Smith, Mr. E. Till, Mr. N. McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. McKenney, Mr. Godding, Mr. Kimmings and many others. The committee was Mr. J. T. Hornibrook, P. G. M., chairman; Mr. S. Thompson, P. G., treasurer; Mr. H. C. Fowler, secretary. Stewards: S. Thompson, P. G.; T. Colby, P. G.; T. H. Cleghorn, P. G.; D. H. Baker, P. G.; Hugh C. McLean; H. C. Fowler, R S.

SEAL SACQUES

No garment a lady can wear in winter combines so much of comfortable warmth, richness and elegance in appearance for so reasonable a price as does a Sealskin Sacque. Anticipating a very great rise in the price of skins we bought early, and are now prepared to show the season's styles in a great variety of shapes and prices very little in advance of last year. Remember sealskins have advanced forty per cent., and are still going up. We guarantee all our Seal Garments to be made from the best Alaska Sealskins, London dye. We invite you to call and examine them.

W. & D. DINEEN
Cor. King and Yonge Sts.

HAREM
(Not the Sultan's)
CIGARETTES
YILDIZ
CIGARETTES
The Finest Turkish Cigarettes
IN THE MARKET.
TRY THEM

LATEST WALTZES
FOR YOU—on Sydney Smith's Song....(*May Outlere*) 60c
FIDDLE AND I—on Goodeve's Song....(*Otto Roeder*) 60c
MIA BELLA .....(*Otto Roeder*) 60c
SUNSHINE AND SHADE.....(*Theo. Bonheur*) 60c
LOVE'S GOLDEN DREAM (250,000 so'd) " 75c
For Sale by all Music Dealers, or o.
EDWIN ASHDOWN
AND
Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association,
13 Richmond Street West.

FOR AN
Engagement or Birthday Present
One of those Ladies' Gold Watches about the size of a half-dollar, with plain polished case and monogram on frontback, will be sure to please. I have just received some from the factory.
E. BEETON
High Grade Watch Specialist
Opposite Post Office

SOUTHERN TOURS
Yachting Trips Among the Islands
Bermuda Nassau
Cuba Mexico West Indies, &c.
For information as to Sailings, Rates, Pamphlets, &c., apply to
GARLOW CUMBERLAND
72 Yonge Street - - - Toronto.

NEW GLOVES
Just Received
A very fine lot of
Walking and Driving Gloves
in the following popular makes:
Craven Tan, Gordon Tan and Cheverette---Extra Quality
Also a full range of
VERY FINE BUCK GLOVES
These goods are made to order for us by
FOWNES BROS.

Bilton Bros
TAILORS AND FURNISHERS
69 King Street West, Toronto

THE
RECOGNIZED STANDARD BRANDS
OF
CIGARS
MUNGO - - - 5c.
CABANE - - - - 5c.
EL PADRE - - 10c.
AND
MADRE E HIJO 10 & 15c.
THE BEST VALUE.
THE SAFEST SMOKE.
THE MOST RELIABLE.

The Purest of the Pure.
NO CHEMICALS.
NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVORING.
THE BEST VALUE.

MISS M. MORRISON
41 KING STREET WEST
Having now returned from New York, is prepared to show a large and choice assortment of
MILLINERY NOVELTIES,
NEW VEILINGS, Etc.
Special attention has been given to the Dressmaking Department, which is complete with a select stock of Dress Goods and Dress Trimmings.

MISSES E. & H. JOHNSTON
122 KING STREET WEST,
OPPOSITE THE ROSSIN HOUSE,
Miss Johnston has returned from Paris, London and New York with a full line of
Novelty Dress Goods and Trimmings
DISPLAY OF
PATTERN HATS AND BONNETS
These goods are now being opened.

THE FINEST DIAMOND RING
Ever offered in the Dominion for $20. Sent by registered post to any address in Canada on receipt of price and size; which includes a handsome box. Address J. FRED WOLTZ, Diamond Broker, 41 Colborne street, Toronto, Canada.

TRADE MARK
W. F. ROSS & CO
ROOM 1,
55 AND 57 ADELAIDE STREET EAST,
TORONTO.
High Grade Non-Magnetic Swiss&American WATCHES
Gold and Silver—Wholesale and Retail

Fashion Chatter.

DEAR MOLLIE,—It has been said every woman likes furs, and I believe it's true. They are so elegant, so comfortable and usually so becoming that a woman wraps herself in their furry cosiness and plans a conquest. I've seen this season's fashions in furs—the kinds and the patterns; puzzled myself with a host of names and am ready to tell you all about them.

In the first place—bear boas! Do you like them, Mollie? As a rule I do, but the fitness of things should certainly be considered. For a dot of a girl, or a slim and tall one, a boa is not suitable, for she looks as if she were smothering. I have in my mind a few boas, from which the hair stood up straight almost to the tops of the wearers' heads, and made them ungainly specimens of humanity.

In bearskin I saw the black, the brown, the grizzly or cinnamon—in fact after I had been on the "war path" for furs a few moments the variety astonished me into the recollection of a nursery rhyme which begins "Alligator, hedgehog, anteater, bear, wolverine, woodchuck, anaconda, hare," and goes on indefinitely in the same strain.

Lynx is rather pretty and wears well, the furrier told me. Upon my remarking that one would soon tire of it, he assured me that it could easily and cheaply be dyed.

Opossum looks well, and will probably be worn a good deal, though Americans are wearing black fur so much as to give its sale a decided impetus, for it has been little sought during the past two or three years. In the sombre color, Persian lamb with its silky curls and excellent reputation in point of wear, is of course the prettiest. Beaver and otter are used extensively, but I think their tawny shades unbecoming to nine out of every ten women who wear them.

Some very pretty collars are made in beaver, seal, otter and alaska sable. One pattern is square behind, like a sailor collar, rolls in front and falls to the waist in the shape of revers. Another is round behind and tapers to a point in front tipped with tiny fur pompons. All the collars can be turned up to prevent Jack Frost from exercising his power on one's ears. Russian sable, in spite of its soft fine surface, looks too much like mink to win my admiration. Mink, though, in spite of its stiff ugly hairs and taffy colored surface, will be worn a good deal this year.

Another collar is round at the back and falls in boa ends almost to one's feet, looking better than the boa behind and possessing all the graceful characteristics of the swaying ends in front.

A very comfortable and stylish short coat was made of beaver, with double front, and rolling collar. The same style is also made up in Persian lamb and seal. The newer seal jackets are short, and fit much more elegantly than the abominable sacque, which displayed fur to the detriment of figure.

Circulars are made chiefly in black cloth and lined with squirrel or Hamster. Silk circulars, I learned, are not so much favored. Russian circulars are generally in colors, trimmed with different varieties of fur, and fashioned with short sleeves.

Muffs are larger than ever, but do not yet match the dimensions of the huge hand-comforters that our grandmothers wore sixty years ago. All varieties of fur are made into comfortable garments, with which the winter's keenest, most cutting blast can be defied. The purse can be suited surely, for we find all prices, from the best Alaska seal to monkey and yak, which last is a dignified name for goat.

Of one thing I am convinced, no fur is so beautiful, so delicately refining in its soft, dark beauty as seal; and no fur so well calculated to be out in all weather as Persian lamb. Now, Mollie, I've given you the benefit of my visit to the furrier's.

A very pretty fall suit which came from New York, where its wearer has been visiting, has been much admired in the city. The dress is of buffalo-red cider-down cloth. The front of the skirt is plain in its fashioning, and braided with heavy silk cord in an exquisitely intricate design. The back is looped a little—just a trifle, and rather low and—with most decided emphasis—it has no pad, while the steels are very small. Trimmed to match the skirt, the basque—made without lining, is pretty in its simplicity. On the top of the wrist, around the neck and half way down the front, the meandering cord is laid, and the buttons of polished horn are round in shape and match the dress in color.

To wear with this gown is a hat of buffalo-red straw, low square-crowned, and turned up on the left side. It is faced with black velvet, and its trimming consists of red surah and poppies. Black gloves are worn, and the costume demands two pairs of shoes. The first are suede, the second of morocco tipped with patent leather, which with its shiny black surface completes this toilette of buffalo red and black.

Your sincere friend,
CLIP CAREW.

The Violin Maker.

LAST night I dropped into the workshop of George Szag, a serious young violin maker, who has seen but a year in America. So forcibly did he impress me with the extreme beauty and delicacy of his art, that I was constrained to make note of it.

It goes without saying that the old story of young Earnestness struggling in the turbid waters of Quackery finds in him another illustration.

There exists a vast demand for cheap violins—ground by the gross out of a ponderous machine into which an ill or well seasoned tree has been inserted. These instruments are sold, together with bow, case, instruction book and the rest, for sums varying from $3 to $8, all depending upon the elaborateness of the case and the paper or cloth cover of the magic Self Instructor.

They also constitute the pawnbroker's hobby: a cart load of them is purchased with the full cash and other discounts; they are well soaked in aromatic spirits of old age and marked "a bargain, $20." Five dollars is the price paid and four dollars made!

So Szag has two mistresses to satisfy.

The absolute folly of buying such an instrument is easily evident when it is known that no violin, of any merit whatever, can be made in less than six weeks' time,—the first amber varnish, which is indispensable to a good instrument, alone taking about a month to dry.

Traditionally, the violin is believed to have been the invention of Cavana, King of Ceylon, 500 B.C. But the earliest violins of modern times seem to have been those of Gaspars di Salo in Lombardy, toward the end of the sixteenth century. The Cremona violins of Amati, those of his sons, grandson and Antonio Stradivari, surpass in richness of tone and quality any of the present day productions.

The Tyrolese violins of Jakob Stainer and Matthias Klotz at one time stood almost as high as the Cremonese, but in latter years the flat model of the Italians has been held far superior.

The plaint and plea of our own makers is the inferiority of our woods and varnishes; but this is in no wise the case, the materials now at their disposal being fully equal to any used by the Cremonese.

Stradivari's son used the same stuffs as his renowned father, but, nevertheless, he never could produce so good an instrument.

The violin maker, at work in his atelier, deftly modelling the back and belly—daintily inserting that wondrous little sounding post, without which no tone is possible, is not a mechanic.

True, his work must be geometrically correct and according to the truest conceptions of acoustics and the character of the different woods; but, outside his mechanical construction he must possess and impress a psychological sympathy upon the sensitive instrument, or it will not respond.

The high susceptibility of the violin is well conveyed in the following excerpts from Szag's admirable article, published in the *American Musician* a few months ago. He writes:

"It is quite natural that a new instrument whose parts have not yet been accustomed to vibrate, and are also not yet so dry as delicate vibrations demand, cannot sound so full, clear and beautiful as an older instrument, for it is time and frequent use that give the delicacy of vibration."

And again:

"In my new instrument which I have played on myself, I have made the following observations on the alteration of tone. In the second period the tone often changes. If the instrument is played on much and vigorously the tone, especially of the G and D strings, becomes rather hard and heavy; if it is not played on for several days, the tone improves again and the sound is softer and fuller. This change always took place every time the instrument was allowed to rest, or was played on, till, after a lapse of a year, the third and last period began. The instrument then acquired with every day a more noble, resonant tone and underwent no farther change."

It may well be imagined that an instrument so impressionable and sensitive requires that the utmost concentration, subtlety and feeling be brought to bear in its construction in order to obtain a result.

The terrible onslaught of Mechanism and Business has crushed out the holier and purer conceptions of this as well as the other arts.

But praise be to the gods! Art is not a thing that is dependent on the present for its being. It exists, and has existed throughout all and endless time. It is Infinite. Its life is Immortal!—*Edwin Lawrence in the Theater.*

For Business.

In the matter of the workaday dress Fashion is rather more indulgent as to variety of shapes and materials than in her demands for other and more ornate occasions. And yet it is equally as important that the business attire of the man who desires to be called well dressed, shall be perfect in design, in fit, and in the harmony of all its parts. The necessity for this is apparent. How can a man maintain a reputation for taste in dress if his apparel merely conforms to a fixed model upon one occasion while plainly violating the ordinances of good taste when thrown more upon his own resources by the freer choice permitted. Thus it will be seen that the selection of the business suit is quite as momentous a task as the procurement of the evening attire.

Man wants but little here below
And wants that little good.

He will find it in a handsome business suit selected from the choice fabrics of Henry A. Taylor, the Fashionab'e West End Tailor, Rossin House Block.

The Brains Didn't Count.

Jiggs—I hear that you have started in business with Biggs.

Biggs—Yes. We are equal partners—he puts in the money and I put in the experience and brains.

Jiggs—You put in the experience and brains?

Biggs—Yes.

Jiggs—And you are equal partners?

Biggs—Yes.

Jiggs—What an immense amount of experience you must have had, Biggs.—*N. Y. Life.*

How It Worked.

Carper—So you've been trying the faith cure?
Harper—Yes.
Carper—Cure you?
Harper—Yes—of my faith.

NATURAL WOOL

The most important feature of Natural Wool Underwear is its softness and beautiful appearance. This is due to the fact that it is made from the finest and purest Natural Wools, absolutely free from dye, making it practically unshrinkable (see our washing directions). The Undershirts are double-breasted and ribbed skirts. The Drawers are spliced in seat with silk, making them durable, and the bands are fine sateen cloth, so as to fit snug. All weights and sizes.

WHEATON & CO.
17 King St. West, cor. Jordan

BARGAINS FOR EVERYBODY

The bankrupt stock of F. Qua & Co., 49 King Street West, consisting of Toys, Games, Books, Fancy Goods, etc., has been removed to

Rosenbaum's Bazaar, 159 King St. East

and will be disposed of at great reductions. Camp Beds, Tennis, Racquets, Balls, Nets and Shoes, Boxing Gloves, Fishing Tackle, etc., in great variety.

Armson & Stone.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF IMPORTING ELEGANT
MILLINERY
One of the firm go to London every season and make personal selection from the cheapest and best market in the world for Dry Goods.

Fine Dress Goods at Low Prices
212 Yonge Street

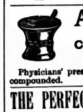
THE BEST PLACE IN THE CITY IS
CUNNINGHAM'S JEWELRY STORE
For Manufacturing New Designs in
Jewelry, Diamonds and Watches
77 Yonge St., 2 Doors North of King

BEEF, IRON & COCOA WINE
ORIGINAL SIZE 75c FULL STRENGTH
Why pay $1 for ordinary Beef, Iron and Wine when you can save 25 per cent. and get the improved Beef, Iron and Cocoa Wine? Recommended by physicians and sold by all the leading druggists
CENTURY DRUG CO.
Geo. A. Bingham
100 Yonge Street, Toronto
Sole Agent for Canada.

CHEESE
PER DIRECT IMPORTATION
Gorgangola, Roquefort
Neufchatel, Pine App'e
Edam and English Stilton
Canadian Cheddar, Stilton, and Prime Factory in June, August and Sept. Makes
Shaver's Great Specialty House
Telephone 1850. 244 Yonge and 2 Louisa Sts.
N.B.—Sole agents for Cerealine Flakes and Granula

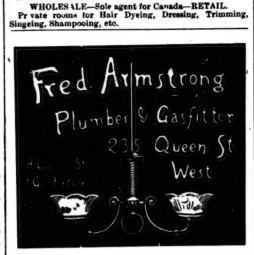
ABOVE ALL THINGS
Do Not Buy Inferior Hair Goods

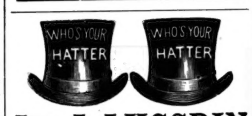
It only results in trouble and annoyance.
New York wholesalers are palming off a common class of manufactured Hair Goods. They look nice enough in glass cases, but give them a couple of days' wear and see the useless mass they will turn into. If you must have a cheap class of goods then, rather get them of a cheaper manufacturer, but avoid buying a poor quality of hair. Don't be in a hurry to buy. See all others and examine Boreawendt's and if you don't a unit that you can get better value for your money at the Paris Hair Works you can have the goods for nothing.
Frontpieces, Bangs, Waves, Wigs, Switches, &c., &c
A. BORENWEND, Paris Hair Works, 103 and 105 Yonge Street


A. E. FAWCETT
Successor to C. Sheppard
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST
67 King Street West
Physicians' prescriptions and family recipes accurately compounded. Telephone No. 73

THE PERFECTION OF ALL HAIR DYES
Extract de Noix (Extract of Walnuts)

Invented by Prof. A Chevalier, of Paris and approved by the Medical Profession and Faculty of the College of Pharmacy of Paris (France) for dyeing *Gray, White, Red, Bleached or Faded Hair any desired shade* from Light Blonde to a Deep Brown. Success warranted. Easiest to apply. One application. One bottle only. Instantaneous effect. Harmless as water. No washing required after dyeing. Price per bottle, $1.50 and $3.00.
TRANCLE ARMAND
Coiffures, Hair Goods and Perfumery
407 Yonge Street 407
Toronto, Ont.
WHOLESALE—Sole agent for Canada—RETAIL
Private rooms for Hair Dyeing, Dressing, Trimming, Singeing, Shampooing, etc.





J. & J. LUGSDIN
THE LEADING
Hatters and Furriers
101 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

EARLY FALL GOODS
W. A. MURRAY & CO.
Have now opened 250 cases of British and Foreign Novelties for the Early Fall Trade, consisting of Silks, Velvets, Plushes, French Dress Goods, Fancy Flannels, Lace Goods, Dress Trimmings, Fancy Ribbons, Mantles, Jackets, Ulsters, Wraps, Children's Mantles, Cloakings, Shawls, Skirts, Corsets, Children's Dresses and Fancy Goods of every description.
Early inspection invited by
W. A. MURRAY & CO.
17, 19, 21, 23, 25 and 27 KING STREET EAST, and 12 COLBORNE STREET, TORONTO

FURS! FURS!
JAMES HARRIS & CO.
99 Yonge Street
Are now showing a magnificent range of BOAS and MUFFS in BEAR and all fashionable furs.
Our Large Full Black Boas
at $15 are the best ever offered in the city at the price.
Seal Mantles and Walking Jackets
ARE OUR SPECIALTY
We guarantee a PERFECT FIT, and use only the best material in their manufacture.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO
JAMES HARRIS & CO.
99 Yonge Street, Toronto

TRY OUR NEW PATENT
YATISI

YATISI
CORSET
This is the most perfect-fitting and comfortable corset in the market.
Crompton Corset Co'y
Sole Manufacturers for the Dominion

STOVEL & CO.
LADIES' TAILORS
COSTUME AND HABIT MAKERS

THE PARMELEE ROOFING AND PAVING CO.
GRAVEL ROOFING
For all kinds of Flat Roofs.
ASPHALT PAVING
For Cellar Bottoms, Sidewalks, Breweries, Stables, etc., etc.
Estimates given for all parts of Ontario.
10 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

The Light Running Domestic Sewing Machine.
The first High Arm, the first Cylinder Shuttle, the first Large Bobbin, the first Drop Lead, the first Self Setting Needle, the first Loose Puller, the first Under Braider
E. C. WILLIAMSON
677 Queen St. West.

PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION
TORONTO BUSINESS COLLEGE
SPECIAL MASTER IN EACH DEPARTMENT
FALL TERM RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 2.
For circulars address J. M. Crowly, Proprietor and Manager, cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets, Toronto, Canada.

What a Handsome Dress!
A common opinion of all our turnouts.
With the finest stock of Fashionable Dress Goods, in quantity, quality and style that any house in Toronto can exhibit.
With the most artistic cutter and designer of Dresses and Mantles in all Canada, with the most skilled labor possible to secure, it is not remarkable that we should lead all others in our specialty of fine Dresses and Mantles.
We guarantee a perfect fit.
We guarantee the latest styles.
We guarantee perfect work.
Our business is increasing ever day, because our patrons are all pleased. All come again. All tell their friends about us.
H. S. MORISON & CO.
218 Yonge Street, cor. Albert Street

SECOND PART OF A THREE PART S ORY.

A WAYWARD CHARGE;

OR, SORE LET AND HINDERED

BY H. PAINE.

He was a hearty old gentleman who looked most at home and most at ease out of doors; his large mouth spread in a reassuring smile, and showed his desire to be on good terms with everybody. As I found later, whenever his opinion was asked on anything that did not relate directly to out-door work, he turned his smile on his wife, and let her answer for him. She evidently approved of this and felt much calm satisfaction in her ability for announcing what they were.

I was very much pleased with the appearance of them both; there was no fear that either was hard hearted. John Bryant had doubted if they would again let him call them father and mother; of course they would; the names suited them exactly. I felt as though I was already the beloved restorer of their straying boy, and my heart expanded.

While I was inwardly congratulating them, their son and myself, Mr. Bryant sat with one hand on each knee, listening to his wife's account of the inquiries I had been making, and of her opinions about them. I felt sure that the idea of putting me in the room vacated by the crane had occurred to her, and she was waiting for her husband to think of it. Presently she said she had felt rather surprised that I wanted to stay in such an out of the way place; she had wondered what could bring me there, and she looked at me inquiringly. I told them I had lately come from London, and enjoyed seeing rural England. I was much interested, I said, in what I knew of Settling and in the good farming I could see around me.

This made old Mr. Bryant look much interested, as though he approved of my opinions, and would like to hear more of them some time.

Seeing I had made a good impression, I hastened to my proposal; I said I believed the curate had boarded with them, and that his room was unoccupied. It was. So I took out my purse, telling them that being a stranger, I must ask them to let me pay in advance; I was quite willing to pay thirty-five shillings per week for the nice accomodation they were sure to provide.

They asked me many questions, in a civil way, as to my business and, especially, when they found that I had but recently come from America.

"Well, I tell you first," I said, "what my work is; my regular employment, I may call it. It is the exercise of Philanthropy."

I knew this would surprise them. Mr. Bryant opened his eyes.

"The exercise—what kind of exercise, sir?" asked the old lady, leaning forward.

"In other words," I continued, "the promoter of the happiness of others. That is my work, Mrs. Bryant."

They both gazed at me expectantly; noticing that I was waiting to see how this struck them, the old lady said she hoped I would find work around there if I wanted it, or something to that effect.

"Yes," I said, "I have found it; right here, in this house. Charity begins at home, and I may call this my home, now, I hope. May I?"

Yes, Mrs. Bryant said, she was sure she hoped I would always make myself at home there, of course.

I appreciated their kindness, and told them so. I say their kindness, for the old gentleman confirmed his wife's sentiments with one of his genial smiles. Then I said that what I wanted to do in return for their kindness, was to make the house more comfortable for them. I asked them if they knew now what I was thinking of, what was it they needed to make their home quite complete? Looking at each other They could not. What was it they needed to fill the empty place on their hearth? After some time old Mr. Bryant ventured to say,—

"Children?"

"That's it!" I said. "Singular number, though. Empty place, not places."

"A child, then?"

"Yes," said I, "a son! A son is what you want!"

They exchanged looks of intelligence, and I thought they understood at last exactly what I was driving at.

"Now," I went on, "you see why I came; it was because your son's place, as you say, is empty. I came to fill it. You have a son, he wants you to take him. Will you not do it?"

They did not answer, only interrogated each other with troubled looks. At last. "We don't want to take him as a son, eh?" said the old man, slowly, and appealing, as usual, to his wife.

I saw she had not decided; she looked troubled, and I addressed myself to her.

"He is dreading a reproach," I said. "You will find him as good a man as ever breathed; he has rich, honorable American friends, the most highly respected men in Reading, Maryland.

"I don't know what to say," she replied at last, quite coldly. "This is so unexpected, we must think it over."

I had heard of English phlegm, but I was staggered by this lack of feeling; of course she showed surprise, but not more.

"All ne asks," I urged, "is to call you father and mother. Surely you cannot repulse him. You have a mother's heart; ask her."

"Such an extrey-ordinary thing," she said, presently. "It took me so by surprise! I'm sure we never looked for this!"

By-and-bye she turned to her husband and slowly said:

"How about trying him for a week?"

That was all!

Presently old Mr. Bryant spoke.

"Well, Julie, what do you say? A queer thing to want us to adopt him, just as if he were a child, ain't it?"

"Well," she said, "if we agree to it, it stands to reason he won't expect anything extra from us on that account. It won't make any difference, I reckon; and if he's so lonely and all as he makes out——"

Here I assured her that he was.

"Well, George," she said, in a matter-of-fact way to her husband, "he's quite welcome to call me his mother; that is as long as he behaves himself."

She turned her eyes upon me meditatively.

"Indeed, he will do that," I answered her; "you will be very proud of him, anybody would."

"Well, as far as I'm concerned," she continued, it'll be all right. You told us you'd pay us thirty-five shillings a week, you know."

I assented.

"Yes, certainly, as long as I stay."

"Well, George," she said, "let's take him, if you have no objection; I think it'll be all right. It's a strange fancy of his to want us to take him like that, still, if we don't make a regular, or in advance, whether he calls us his parents or his children, won't put me out none."

She smiled benignantly.

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed. "You won't charge your son for staying here!"

She drew herself up, and I feared I might spoil all chance for John if I offended her.

"I meant to say," I added, "not so much as you do me!"

The old man was surprised out of his silence.

"Well, that is pretty good, I call it!" he said. "Think us being called father and mother will be enough to pay, do you? I tell you, you'd better stick to your first offer—thirty-five shillings a week."

"In advance," his wife put in quickly.

"Yes, thirty-five shillings a week in advance, and stay a orphin, or else find some one else to take you."

I now began to see that they had entirely mistaken my meaning and that all this time they had not understood that I wanted to bring their long-lost son back again to their forgiving arms.

Thereupon I threw off my semi-mystical air and told them plainly what my meaning was—that I had found their missing and repentant son, that he was now in London waiting only to hear from me that he was forgiven by them and that they were willing to take him back.

When they heard this their manner changed as suddenly as before. Mr. Bryant took me by the hand and asked me to as-sure him that I spoke the truth, while the kind-hearted old lady burst into tears and cried that she knew he would return some day.

When the first burst of emotion had subsided the old farmer took a turn in the garden to compose his feelings while Miss Bryant talked eagerly to me of her son. She told me how happy her husband had seemed to her some how empty with no one but herself and husband; how she had long ago prayed that she might have news from the boy who had gone away from them so young. Next, how she had had misgivings that she might get news that would grieve them, and last, how she had given up hopes of getting any tidings of him at all, or of seeing him this side of the grave.

If it had been only to satisfy her I would have told her everything. I could think of to his credit, but I felt as much happiness in telling as she did in hearing, and I drifted into pleasant angles.

When I had said all the good I could of him she took up the thread of praise and told me on her early hopes for him, how she had, before she and her husband had saved up any store, laid by every month a little sum from the products of the poultry and butter, and kept it in a tin spice box in the best dresser drawer, that was meant for nutmegs. The money was there now, for she had never been able to bring herself to putting it to any other use, though it was her dear wish to see it whenever she went to the closet for spices. But now it would be all right, and she need never dream getting out the things to make him pay in advance.

I loved to hear her talk like this; but one thing she recounted about her old hopes for her boy made my heart ache and planning.

I enjoyed doing a good turn for any one, but never more than for this simple, grateful old lady, and I firm what she told me next I saw how I could make her happiness.

She said it all came back to her how she used to think of John's marrying Mr. Cowlet's little girl, Kitty, when they were up. How she used to think it would be such a good thing; the Cowlets' land was so mixed up with theirs, and it would have put an end to all their troubles about their stock breaking gaps in the hedges, and having to be driven up in pens, and marked and separated, sometimes as often as three times in one week. But of course she would not marry now; she was just wandering on; John had something better to do than farming, and was no doubt a fine gentleman; and she would be proud of; she wouldn't be disappointed, because she had long ago given up thoughts of it, though the red cow, ever since they had had her, had kept breaking through, or else jumping over; and the sheep were pretty sure to follow; that is, when she didn't jump, but made gaps.

Yes, she said, in answer to a question from me. Kitty was still unmarried, living on the next farm with her parents; she was a good girl, and, what was better, a hard working girl, too.

She seemed to like talking about her, and I encouraged her to talk of her intimate to Mrs. Bryant, she seemed so grateful for what I had already done. I had another plan in my head, and was waiting for a favorable opportunity. I did not tell her what I was thinking of, for I wanted it to be a surprise.

Before we went to bed it was agreed that in the morning I should return to London and bring John home by the afternoon train. Then Mrs. Bryant went out of the room with a bunch of keys and returned with a bottle of cherry wine, and set out three glasses on the table. We moved our chairs to it, and made quite a ceremony of drinking health. They insisted upon drinking mine, even before they drank John's, because I was present, and we could all drink his first to-morrow night, when he would be home.

I thought of what John had said, that he would never touch an intoxicating drink, and I told them all about his vow. His father was past the mood for seeing any solemnity in it, but laughed loudly and declared that to-morrow night John should taste his mother's cowslip wine, anyhow. I must say that I assured him he was right, and a good old fellow, and we shook hands affectionately and went to bed.

In the morning we had breakfast at an hour that seemed very early to me. Mrs. Bryant had been up and about long before sunrise though, she had so many preparations to make for John's coming, and they had to be made in a short time. She was going to be so busy in the kitchen all the morning that she had not dressed up yet herself, she told me, but she had made her husband put on his best clothes, because she might not have a chance to see about his changing during the day; beside, he was going to drive me to the station soon, and then drive down there a second time for us to be in waiting for John, so it had just as well to get him into his new suit at once.

After breakfast instead of going out on his farm as usual, Mr. Bryant stood before the fire in black attire, running a finger round his neck to keep himself from being choked by a cravat, and feeling, he said, altogether as if it was Sunday. Then Mr. Bryant had been told to have the horse in the cart, and to bring him round in good time for us to catch the train for London.

As there was over an hour to spare before starting, I resolved to take a walk through the village down past the cottage which Mrs. Bryant had spoken of as Kitty Cowley's home. I thought it would interest John if I were able to say that I had seen her and to tell him how she looked. As I passed along the road a hatchet-faced woman, close upon forty years of age, I judged, and wearing corkscrew curls and a cravat, came out of the door and walked down the garden path towards the gate. Just as I was chuckling to myself at the idea of this being my friend's prospective bride, a shrill voice called from the house, "Kitty!"

She turned and answered. I felt as if I had received an unexpected shock. It was true that Mrs. Bryant had not said anything about Kitty Cowley's face, but somehow I had expected to see something at least ordinarily good looking, just as I had supposed, from Mrs. Bryant having always spoken of her as a girl, that she was, if not youthful, at least under middle age.

But I was not going to let Kitty's appearance frighten me. John was the one on whom it might have that effect; I hoped, however, he would not show it. I supposed he would see her face that had saved her for him; if it had looked otherwise she might have married some one some time ago—say a quarter of a century. I would not blame Mrs. Bryant for misleading me, for I had noticed when I first saw her that her sight was not good, and I supposed she did not really know what the girl was like. She could not have realized it, for she had spoken calmly of John's marrying her; yes, even wistfully. I knew it would fulfil her cherished dream, and that was surely reason enough why I should do my best to persuade John into it.

When I reached the house I found Mr. Bryant sitting up in the cart ready to start, and his wife coming down to the gate with my little hand-bag. Then I bade the old lady good bye till the afternoon. I thought she was going to kiss my hand, which she was wringing while she bade me with emotion and blessing to take care of her boy and bring him home safe. After I had taken my seat by her husband, and he had started the horse into a trot, I turned and saw her standing by the gate, slowly waving her hand, while the tears crept down her old cheeks.

We did not talk much during our drive; I was deeply touched by what had passed. The old man showed his kindly feeling toward me in all he said and did. We arrived at our destination some time before the train was due, but he insisted on our waiting for it in the station on the platform until it started. He told me that his horse had always been afraid of the engine.

"I never have left him to stand without my holding him before; I wouldn't have done it now for any man but you, neither."

It seemed like the ending of a short but pleasant dream when I was born away among strangers in the train. Soon I found that in my changed surroundings my thoughts would not flow in their former peaceful course. I was sorry for it, but I could not help feeling disturbed when I began to think of John Bryant, to whom I was going, the John Bryant in his lodgings.

The picturing of him came to me with a sudden shock; dejected, careless, shabby-looking, could he satisfy his parents' expectations, the expectations I had aroused? He must surely disappoint them.

It may seem strange that this had not occurred as forcibly to me before, when I was with his father and mother, but I had kept it back; while I was with them I had told them only of what it pleased them to hear; indeed, I had not then wanted even to think of anything else. I was now taken aback at my tried to count how many of his good qualities had been discerned by me. I discovered that I had not cared enough about anything in connection with his meeting which had come under my personal observation. It seemed to me that I had told them only of the characteristics ascribed to him in the letters he had received. Of these letters, moreover, I had before doubted the genuineness.

Now that I knew Mr. and Mrs. Bryant, and what a kind-hearted couple they were, and reflected how he had shrank from going to them, his conduct aroused in me more suspicion than ever before, more even than when his strange behavior had driven me to cable an inquiry if his representations were false. How foolish I had been! I had taken the great step of going to John's parents before I had received any answer. I had been told yesterday at the post office that Bernard's letters to him in the last very early morning; if I had only waited one day longer I should have received them.

I tried to recall how John had presented his letters to me; I remembered there had been an interval between his speaking of them and his bringing them; quite long enough for him to have composed and written them himself.

I could not tell whether the writing was really Tom Bernard's or not; I had not thought of questioning that at the time; it might be a forgery of the clumsiest kind. I had thought John knew my old friend, for we had talked together about him, but I recalled despairingly that once, when I asked some little question suddenly about Mr. Bernard, he had been confused.

The fear that I had been duped, and my charitable inclinations taken advantage of, grew, and I became terribly anxious and impatient to reach London and get Bernard's reply.

As soon as I reached Liverpool street station, I jumped into a cab and was driven quickly to the general postoffice, where I had instructed Bernard to write. There I demanded my letter. I received an answer which I could not believe that it was possible. There was no letter for me. I had ascertained that Bernard would have two days, after receiving my cablegram, in which to write an answer and get it off by this mail. He was always prompt; in this case he would have seen, not only by my having cabled to him, but by the words of the message, that I was in a latitude now there was particular necessity. If, as I feared, he knew nothing of such a man as John Bryant, he would have seen at the same prompt to warn me of the fact. He could not have failed to have sent me a reply, yet it was certain it was not there.

A terrible suspicion occurred to me. No one but John Bryant could have any interest in intercepting the letter; suppose he had been before me to the post office and had taken it. If he were cunning and bold enough to forge those letters, he was quite capable of trying to keep, in this way, the proofs of his rascality from me.

I hailed a hansom and was soon speeding westward to John's lodgings, though whether I should find the young man there I could not tell. If he had intercepted Bernard's letter, he must know that his chances of imposing upon me were gone. He might be sure I should wonder at not receiving it, and should cable to my friend again.

At last I was driven out of the clatter and throng of Oxford street, and then by quiet and dingy buildings to the door of the lodging-house.

I jumped out and paid the cabman. After ringing the bell, I waited with the greatest impatience on the top step for the door to be opened and my eager speculations to be answered. I would find out from the landlady whether John had gone out that morning early to the postoffice. If he had come back I would know without getting my letter. He would be timid man that I could hardly think he would stay to meet me and brazen it out. Still, where could he go?

The landlady appeared, and as I greeted her I scanned her face. There was nothing to be learned from it; she always looked worn and hard. I went in and asked in a voice intended to be careless, but with some inward dread that I could not account for,—

"How about Mr. Bryant? How is he?"

"Stop a moment before you go up to his room," said the grim woman.

I stood suddenly still, not heeding the gesture of her hand to detain me,

"I have something to break to you—something about him," she said. "He was in his room and did not come to breakfast, and we could get no answer when we knocked and called at his door. Just now I insisted upon going into his room, and I could see he was perfectly shocked; a deplorable sight, sir! It will bring discredit upon my house!"

"Merciful heavens! His poor old mother!" I thought.

Why hadn't I suspected this? Through my brain rushed a dreadful conception of his room and sudden death. I fancied I could feel the smell of almonds, or a pool of blood with a razor in it.

"Perhaps you can very well guess what it is," she said sternly. "I think I ought to have been informed of what I might expect from him, and I would not have given him my second best room."

I turned sick and had to cling to the top of the umbrella stand; it struck me that it might be his razor that were scattered among the blue ferns in the carpets.

"I daresay he is drinking still," she went on. "Never drinking! I suppose I'll have a drunken lodger. He insulted me, then asked me if I could bring a corkscrew. I told him I would bring a policeman."

In the sudden relief of my feelings a hysterical laugh burst from me.

"Drinking! Is that all?" I cried.

A moment before the woman had seen me stagger against the umbrella stand; now, at what seemed my merriment, she glared, and then hurried away up the hall, where a door banged behind her. I knew she had drawn an inference as to my own state which was not complimentary, but I did not care then.

I mounted the stairs in a dazed way, and paused outside Bryant's door, when I reached it, to collect my thoughts. Then I knocked and waited; knocked again and again and called. Presently I heard a movement within the room—the noise of some one rolling on to his feet from the bed. Then the tread of stockinged feet to the door, where they stopped, as though he were listening, or perhaps trying to spy through the keyhole.

"Let me in!" I cried, knocking sharply.

The key was turned and the door opened at once. I took a survey as I entered grimly. The room was in great disorder, part of the bed clothing on the floor, as if he had dragged it down with him; his clothes were strewn about, and with the close, unhealthy atmosphere of the place was the sickening scent of whisky.

John Bryant was in his shirtsleeves, his hair disordered and his face flushed.

"Twenty-twenty mistake, partner," he muttered; "she was going to bring a——"

He eyed me with a foolish smile, rather appreciatively, as though he were uncertain how I should regard it.

"Yes, I know—a policeman!" I said. "I wish I had brought one myself."

I walked in and shut the door. He made no answer.

"Well," I said, grimly, "I'm going to open your window and get a little fresh air."

He stood with one arm propping him against the wall, and waited.

"Now, when you are sober man, are you!" I broke out presently. "The good young man who has the unimpeachable character, and is so highly spoken of! Oh, why did I have anything to do with you?"

He smiled foolishly, and shuffled about a little, looking as if he were waiting for me to leave him and see humor in the situation before he spoke.

I looked him over in utter disgust and self-condemnation.

"Oh, shame!" he said. "I don't deny it. I have had a few drinks, sure enough. Wanted to get my courage up, when you came home. Well, father and mother—how about them?"

"Your father and mother!" I repeated. "They are too good for you. I shall have nothing to do with you now. I've found you out."

His smile faded; then he tried to begin his apologies.

"Never did such a thing before—never!" he said. "I am sure I have a beautiful character. Here, I'll show it to you if you like."

He reached for what I thought he would have fumbled in the breast-pocket of his coat, but finding that he had not got it on, staggered toward where it lay on the floor.

"I don't want to see your letters," I cried. "I don't believe in them I don't believe that Tom Bernard ever wrote them. Listen to this! I sent inquiries to Bernard about you, and I know he answered by the last mail. Where is his letter to me?"

My accusation seemed to startle him. He gasped and retreated backward until he sank in a sitting posture on the bed. Then he gulped a little, and spread out a hand in expostulation.

"Why, my dear friend!" he cried.

Dear friend, indeed!

"No!" I cried. "Stop that! I will not be called so. A letter came for me by to-day's mail; you took it out this morning. Where is it?"

I waited patiently while he stared and appeared to collect his thoughts.

"Why," he said, "I couldn't take your letter. The mail has not arrived yet! It hasn't!"

"Not arrived!" I exclaimed angrily. "Why, I——"

"It's too early," he repeated, and he looked as if he knew what he was saying.

"This is Thursday," I continued, with less of the feeling of having the upper hand. "Well, then——"

I paused, then hurriedly consulted a memorandum card and my watch.

"Afternoon—It's too early now," said Bryant; "get it in the afternoon."

Yes, I had made a foolish mistake.

"How can I have been—" I began.

"Then I brought it myself. I was angry with myself as well as with him. He was trying to put on an injured air.

"I suppose you can't have got my letter then," I said ungraciously. "But your character is none the better for that. In a few hours' time I shall know all about you for certain. Do you think, sir, I'd be sacrificing what did you go out early this morning for?"

"Go out for? That," he said, and pointed to little black bottle on the table.

I took it up—it was empty.

"Tom Bernard never wrote about your integrity and all that, I'm sure of it," I said. And moreover! Yes, this looks like it. The landlady is disgusted at the state you're in. You'll have to move somewhere. I don't know where," I sighed as I looked him over. "How can I take you home to your parents like this? Oh, why will you give everybody such distress? Will you promise not to drink any more while I am gone? Have you any more whisky?"

He assured me that he had not. I walked to the door.

"I shall be back after I have got my letter. I don't know what to do about you. Your mother is expecting you. If you only knew how she spoke of you! I'm trying to spare yourself. Bathe your head and keep the window open. You must get over this before we start."

I shut the door and walked out into the more airy square. With a heavy heart, I turned in the direction of the distant post office. This was the son whom I had undertaken to lead to his eager parents! This was the treasure I had found for Mrs. Bryant's old age! I groaned. And it was I who had awakened their expectations. I knew that even then, as I walked, they were counting on the joy that would elapse before he would arrive. They were now both dressed in their best, the feast was ready, and perhaps, for fear of my being late, they would be in time, was already starting to meet the train.

They would see that he was a drunkard, and I knew that he was a hypocrite; he had forged letters from which alone I had given them a description of his character. Very soon they would think I had invented my list of his good qualities; that I was a liar—I, who had been so happy in their good opinion! If I vindicated myself I should have to tell them that their son had forged, and intercepted upon me. Yes, I must tell them what he really was, for I could not leave him with them to take advantage of their simplicity as he could do now! The relief of dawn! Yet by the clock it was only four hours later when, to me, the whole face of things wore a different aspect. How changed were my feelings toward my poor young friend as I mounted again the stairs to his room.

I had received my letter from Reading. Tom Bernard had written me a long reply to my inquiries. It was as follows:

"I suppose you met John Bryant in London, as I believe he mentioned his native land about the date you cabled. I don't altogether understand what reason you had for cabling your extraordinary questions. You can trust him implicitly, for I have known and respected him for twenty years. He has a letter from me bearing testimony to his good character, etc. Ask him to show it to you; I wonder he didn't do so."

Then he went on to jokey about my having cabled to him in such a hurry. Tom Bernard had always shown an inclination to laugh at things he didn't understand.

"I think you might have written me a letter instead. You haven't begun to do things like other people yet, I see."

He made fun of my philanthropic schemes, too, and hoped I and not gone to Europe to carry out any more of them unless it was a scheme to take a lady partner into the business; if it were, I must be sure to write him a de-cription of her, or I might cable it if I preferred.

I believe he wrote such rubbish as this because he thought it worried me and I disapproved of it. It amused him. It was a long letter. He did no actually name John's lack of self-confidence or the despondency which had first made me suspicious; but from the phrase, "you must push John forward if there is any good opening in view for him," I thought that the failing had not escaped his notice.

Poor John! How I had wronged him! Yet how relieved I was to find that I had!

I went into his room. He had taken my advice. He was almost sobered, and now full of remorse for his excess and full of self-reproaches. It was a pathetic talk that we had. I know not which of us was the more contrite, but I felt only too strongly that I had reason to be.

I had revealed to him in the morning what my suspicions had then been, and I could not attempt to deny them, only he has forgiven me. I tell it to telling him of the open-heartedness of his old parents, and how eagerly they were expecting us; for I hoped my having smoothed his path with them might have palliated of the wrongs I had lately done the poor fellow.

But soon he asked how was he to present himself to them? he, still feeling the effects of drink? He told me he had not tasted an intoxicating liquor since he was seventeen years old; that he had at that time drank two glasses of lager beer, and was sick, for the night's getting a free lunch than because he took any pleasure in such excesses, and how, the same night, he had resolved never to drink any so awful that he had never forgotten it until early that morning.

He was distrustful of himself, but that he should persist in remaining away from home was of course not to be thought of. I told him that his parents should not know of this one lurch from his resolve, and that I, for my part, be agreed to go down to Essex with me the morning of the following day. By that time all signs of his intemperance would have disappeared. He said, I remember, with a sigh, that if he only had the only possible obstacle I could see to John's marriage was that he himself might shrink from the thought of such a wife, and it was with trepidation that I asked him if he remembered Kitty Cowlet with whom he used to play. Yes, he remembered her as well as if it had been yesterday; and at the remembrance he evidently saw nothing unsavory.

Then I told him what was his loving mother's hope, and asked him if he would mind overlook any thing that, to some, might seem discouraging in the prospect, and take Kitty for better or worse. He seemed to have plucked up considerable courage since he had decided to go home; he assured me that I need not fear his making any resistance to the match; he would be very glad if he thought she would have him. My heart warmed to him at this decision, as I had a few hours previously seen a new reason why John's match was desirable. Though I did not think it very likely that a tendency to drink would grow upon John, it would be well to be prepared for the worst. If it did, I was sure Kitty would be the very one to nip any such fancy in the bud. I felt convinced that the puckers about her nostrils meant firmness and decision. John himself being destitute of those qualities, the expedience of marrying him to one on whom they had set such conspicuous marks was evident.

(To be Continued.)

A Wise Maiden

Edwin (aged 12).—Come, fly with me, my Angelina, and we will soon be where the words of cruel parients cannot hurt your young heart!

Angelina.—I cannot, Edwin; I cannot! Papa laid up with the rheumatism, I know; but we would surely be overtaken. You forget, my Edwin, that you are a Messenger Boy!

Would Suit Either Case.

Bookagent—Going from house to babies, madam, that's a fine youngster. Allow me to congratulate you.

Young Woman—Sir, that is not mine!

Bookagent—I repeat, madam, allow me to congratulate you.—*Judge.*

An Ingenious Woman.

"My wife is the most ingenious woman who ever lived," said Jones.

"I believe you," returned Smith, politely.

"But you don't know why you believe me," intimated Jones.

"To tell the truth, I don't," replied Smith, looking bored.

"Well, I'll tell you: We've been married twelve years, and lived in the same house all the time; and this morning she found a new place to hide my slippers."

His First Lesson.

Riding Master (encouragingly)—That's right; rise in the saddle.

Pupil (whose breath is jolted out of him)—I-e-e-e cawnt help it, d-d-d-don't cher know!

Riding Master—Not so high! When I told you to rise in the saddle, I did not mean to have you rise so high.

Rattlepate (plaintively)—B-b-but that's the wew-way I f-f-f-f-feel!

Just About Right.

A boy's description of having a tooth pulled out expressed in about as well as anything we have seen: "Just before it killed me the tooth came out."

BEECHAM'S PILLS
(THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.)
Cure BILIOUS and Nervous ILLS.
25cts. a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

The Prince and the Page

A boat rippled the quiet waters of the Seine, propelled by a bold, vigorous hand. Mooring it by a little clump of bushes, its only occupant sprang out and looked searchingly around.

It was a youth, evidently in the first dawn of manhood, yet tall and athletic, with broad shoulders and well developed chest. There was a grace and dignity in his bearing which ill-accorded with his garb, which, though rich and costly, betrayed a servile condition. The badge upon the sleeve of his richly embroidered jerkin showed that he belonged to the household of Edward of England, then entertained by Philip of France with more than royal magnificence.

He had evidently expected to meet some one, for he paced up and down the banks of the river with quick and hasty strides, biting his lips and knitting his brows with an air of impatience.

Suddenly he caught the gleam of a white dress, and then a pale but beautiful maiden emerged from a cluster of trees near by and looked around with a timid air.

The youth immediately sprang forward and pressed her eagerly to his bosom.

"At last!" he exclaimed, showering upon lip and hand such passionate kisses that the cheeks, so pale a moment before, glowed with the brightest crimson.

For a few moments the maiden yielded herself to his embrace, and then, escaping from his arms, she said in a low, musical voice:

"Dear Edouard, it was with the utmost difficulty that I could elude observation. This must be our last meeting. I tremble when I think of what the consequences would be should it come to the knowledge of my royal father!"

The page pressed her hand passionately to his lips.

"Flee with me, Isabel!" he exclaimed. "I have friends in Germany who will gladly give us a welcome and a home. There we can live and love free from the cruel persecution that awaits us here."

The princess shook her head.

"Nay, Edouard, I cannot thus openly defy my father's authority. No blessing would follow an unhallowed union."

A dash of crimson crossed the forehead, and the eagle eyes flashed with sudden impatience.

"You do not love me," he exclaimed, "or you could not so coolly decide upon our eternal separation!"

The princess turned a reproachful look upon her lover, and remained silent.

"I see how it is," he added, still more bitterly. "When a king woos it is meet that all other suitors stand aside. I marvel not that you should turn from Edouard the page to Edward the prince. Nor is it the first time, I ween, that in woman's eyes a crown has outweighed a true and faithful heart."

"Cruel and ungenerous!" murmured the princess, through her tears. "Are words necessary to prove the strength and sincerity of my love? I, that have forgotten not only my royal lineage, but the dictates of maidenly reserve, to meet thee here night after night, lavishing upon thee a devotion that a kingdom cannot buy!"

The sight of those tears touched that kind though impulsive heart.

"Forgive me, dearest; the thought of losing you nearly maddened me, and made me for a moment ungrateful and unjust. Lay that sweet hand in mine, and say that the page shall gain what Prince Edward shall fail to win."

"I will give it to none other!" said the princess, solemnly. "Sooner than become his wife I will be the bride of heaven!"

Just then came the murmur of voices, and the sound of approaching footsteps.

"Hist!" exclaimed the princess, hurriedly. "They have missed me, and are even now in search of me. Go! go quickly, or all is lost!"

The page pressed a hasty kiss upon that pale cheek, and then jumping into the boat, glided swiftly down the stream.

He had scarcely disappeared around a bend in the river, when two men emerged from the forest whose livery showed that they belonged to King Philip's household. As soon as they observed the princess the elder of the two stepped forward, and uncovering his head, respectfully said:

"I crave your highness's pardon, but the king has sent us in search of you. He went to your apartments twice, having important news to communicate, and is sorely vexed to learn that you have wandered from the palace unattended."

"I will take all the blame, good Jeannot," said the princess, smiling faintly, as she turned to retrace her steps. Yet, in spite of all her efforts, her heart beat fast as she obeyed the royal mandate, and stood in the presence of the king.

"How now!" Philip said, sharply. "What unmaidenly freak is this? Is it meet a daughter of France to stroll around unattended, like any country wench! But more of this anon. Get thee at once to thy chamber, and bid thy tirewomen deck thee in thy richest apparel, for Prince Edward is within a few hours' ride, and will be impatient to see his bride. When thou art attired in a garb more befitting thy station, come into the grand reception hall; King Edward is there, and desires to speak with thee."

For a moment those beautiful eyes were lifted imploringly to that stern face, and then she turned hopelessly away.

"Why was I born a king's daughter!" was her inward ejaculation, as she passively submitted herself to the hands of her tirewomen. "The lowliest maiden in the realm can give her hand with her heart, while mine is shamelessly sold to the highest bidder."

When the Princess Isabel entered the spacious hall, she found in it a crowd of persons of both sexes, haughty lords, brave knights and stately dames. There were the retainers of both kings who were easily distinguished from each other by the colors and arms they wore, and who seemed to vie with each other in the magnificence of their attire.

At the upper end of the hall stood Philip of France and his royal guest, Edward I. Rivals in power, they had been bitter enemies, but had now concluded a treaty of peace and amity, which was to be cemented by the intermarriage of their families; King Edward's with Margaret, Philip's sister, and the Prince of Wales with his daughter Isabel.

Near by stood a number of the royal family, among whom was the dauphin, afterwards Charles the Fair, then a slight and rather effeminate-looking youth; and the Princess Margaret, though past the flush of youth, remarkable for the grace and stateliness of her bearing.

There was a marked difference in the appearance of the two kings; Edward was a head the taller, with a frank, dignified and gracious aspect, that was heightened by contrast with the hasty movements and restless glance of the despotic and fiery-tempered Philip.

The eyes of the former rested with a look of undisguised admiration upon the princess as she bent her graceful head before them.

Stepping forward, he pressed his lips to her forehead, saying:

"God be with thee, fair daughter! In the name of my son, I salute thee. Hast thou no questions to ask concerning the impatient bridegroom, who will soon be here to claim his promised bride?"

As Isabel looked up into that frank and kindly face, a wild hope, born of desperation, sprang up in her heart.

"God save your majesty," she replied. "I had, indeed, something to say to thee, but this is hardly a fitting place to speak it."

"Sayest thou so?" rejoined Edward. "Thou shalt lack neither place nor opportunity."

Taking hold of Isabel's hand, he led her through a side door into an inner apartment.

"Now open thy whole heart to me, my child," he said kindly, "as if I were the father that I shall shortly be."

Agitated by conflicting hopes and fears, the princess burst into tears.

"It cannot, must not be, your majesty!" she exclaimed. "I do not love Prince Edward, and to wed him would be a deadly sin.

Contrary to her expectations, the king manifested neither surprise nor displeasure.

"Thou hast never seen my son. How, then, dost thou know? He is brave and noble of heart, comely and of goodly presence. Thou wilt soon learn to love him."

"Never! your majesty. I doubt not but what he is all that you say—yet can he never win my heart, for I—I love another!"

In spite of all her efforts, the maiden's voice faltered as she made this bold avowal. But the king's countenance still retained its serene and kindly look.

"And that other," he inquired—"is he equal in birth and station?"

"He is of gentle though not royal blood, sire. I know full well that I can never hope to be his, yet have I solemnly vowed that I will not be another's!"

There was an involuntary look of admiration upon Edward's countenance, as he looked upon those flushed cheeks and radiant eyes, but he quickly repressed it.

"And this presumptuous youth is the page Edouard? It is one of my own household that has dared to rival his prince!"

Isabel's face blanched with terror.

"Spare him!" she exclaimed, throwing herself at Edward's feet. "As you hope for Heaven's mercy, betray him not to my father's anger! It was my fault—mine! I shall never see him again. All that I ask is the privilege of hiding myself and my sorrows in a cloister."

"Fear not, Isabel," said the king, kindly, raising her as he spoke; "no harm shall come to him or to thee. Nay, more—I pledge thee my royal word that thou shalt have thy free choice between these thy two suitors—Edward, the prince, and Edouard, the page. But why do I speak thus? Thou wilt not, surely, be so foolish as to fling a crown from thee, to wed an obscure and nameless youth?"

"I mean no discourtesy to thy royal son, sir," said the maiden, eagerly, "whose praise is in the mouth of all thy people; yet were the choice indeed mine, how gladly would I prove to thee how much dearer to me the simple page is than the proudest monarch in Christendom."

King Edward smiled.

"Is this thy free choice, then? Well, so be it. Yet must my son receive thy decision from thine own lips. He is already here, and I'll send him to thee for that purpose."

The door had hardly closed after king Edward, when it was re-opened, and the page, Edouard, entered.

Had Isabel's mind been in its ordinary state, she could not have avoided noticing the marked change there was in his garb and bearing, and that upon the jeweled cap, that he doffed on his entrance, glittered the royal crest of England.

Advancing eagerly to her side, he drew her with a quick, passionate embrace to his heart.

"Not now, Edouard," said the princess, struggling vainly to release herself. "I have some important news to communicate, but this is no fitting time. Prince Edward will soon be here; if you love me, go instantly!"

"Prince Edward is already here, sweet Isabel, said the intruder, with a smile of mingled tenderness and triumph. "The prince and the page are one! My love! my own! look up, and tell me if you shall love me less because it may some time be mine to place upon this fair brow the crown of England.

"Forgive me this ruse, dearest," he added, as, unable to bear the sudden transition from grief to joy, for a moment Isabel's cheek turned pale. "I would win the heart as well as the hand of my bride. I would see with mine own eyes if she be, of a verity, as fair and gentle as report spake her."

A few days later there was celebrated, with all the splendor and pomp of royalty, the marriage of the King of England with the Princess Margaret, and Prince Edward, his son, with Isabel of France.

FLORENCE SILK MITTENS

The ENGRAVING shows latest style Mittens made from

FLORENCE

Knitting Silk

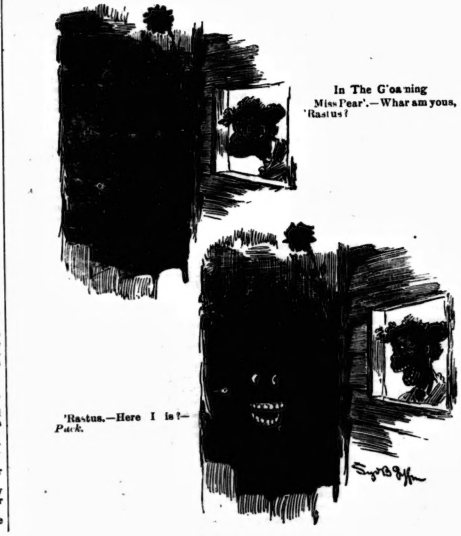
Lined throughout, wrist and back, with silk. They make a most durable and fashionable article for Ladies' wear.

Sent to any address on receipt of $2. Colors—Black, navy blue and brown. Three other patterns, $1.75, $1.65, and $1 50 each.

FLORENCE HOME NEEDLE WORK 1889

Contains 96 pages, instructing you in Netting, Knitting, Tatting and Embroidery, each subject fully illustrated, sent by mail for 6 cents in stamps.

CORTICELLI SILK CO.
ST. JOHN'S, P. Q.



In The Morning

Miss Pear'.—Whar am you, 'Rastus?

'Rastus.—Here I is!—*Puck.*

The marriage of the latter especially was hailed with great joy by both nations, yet there were few among those who witnessed who knew how and under what guise Prince Ewdard won his bride.

He Had Her There.

She was late in motioning to the conductor to stop the car, and was therefore carried half a square beyond the crossing.

"Sir, is this the way you attend to your business?" she demanded as she stood on the step.

"I stopped as soon as you motioned," he replied.

"But you were gazing along the street. You ought to be reported to the manager."

"Yes'm."

"But I will let it go this time."

"Yes'm."

"But let it be a warning to you in the future."

"Yes'm."

"You didn't seem to be much afraid of being reported," observed a passenger as the car moved on.

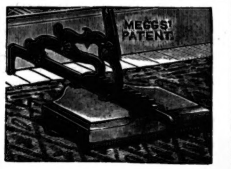
"Well, no," replied the conductor, as he softly chuckled down below his Adam's apple, "She's the manager's divorced wife, you know."—*New York Sun.*

Why She Turned.

Mrs. H., mistaking a mirror for a door and suddenly starting back.

Mr. H. (laughing)—Why don't you go through, my dear?

Mrs. H.—Upon reflection, I thought I had better not.—*N. Y. Life.*



CARPET STRETCHER.

Never injures the carpet or pulls a thread out of place. Simple to use, will never break. Lay your own carpets without trouble. For sale by hardware dealers or sent to any address on receipt of $2. GILMOUR & CO, Montreal.

OVERCOATINGS
IN
MELTONS—all SHADES
NAPS—various QUALITIES
ALSO
Whitneys, Montagnacs and Elysians

Full Range of Fall and Winter Suitings and Pantings

THE BEST $3.50 PANTS
IN THE CITY

B. SPAIN
455 Queen St. West

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER

Its Durability and ease of manipulation are admitted. Recent speed tests have proven it to be the fastest writing machine in the world. If interested, send for full report

GEO BENGOUGH, 36 King Street East

The Latest Novels

DARELL BLAKE, by Lady Colin Campbell..... 50c.
SHEBA, by Rita..... 30c.
MATRON OR MAID, by Mrs. Kennard..... 30c.

Canadian Copyright Editions
AT ALL BOOKSTORES

THE NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPY
TORONTO

KENNEDY'S EXHIBITION SALE
OF
BOOTS AND SHOES

Continues to be the center of attraction. Visitors to the city should avail themselves of the opportunity to call and secure some of the many genuine bargains.

TAN COLOR GOODS

Gentlemen's Tan Color Lace Boots, regular price $4, exhibition sale price $3. Gentlemen's Tan Color Lace Boots, regular price $2 50, exhibition sale price $2 Ladies' Tan Color Low Lace Shoes, regular price $2, exhibition sale price $1 50. Ladies' Tan Color Low Lace Shoes, regular price $1.25, exhibition sale price $1. Misses' Tan Color Low Lace Shoes, regular price $1, exhibition sale price, 80c. Boys', Misses' and Children's Wigwams 50c. Bargains in all classes of footwear.

THOMAS KENNEDY & CO.
186 Yonge Street 186 Four doors north of Queen Street, west side

H. E. Clarke & Co.
105 King St. West

HAVE RECEIVED FRESH CONSIGNMENTS OF

Toilet
Brief
and
Dressing
BAGS, &c.

Housecleaning Time.

LADIES!
LOOK HERE!

What do you want better than PHENIX LESSIVE to assist you in this laborious work?

For any cleaning purpose it has no equal. Buy only the imported article, with address of manufacturer on every package.

I. PICOT
PARIS, FRANCE.

GURNEY'S
ART COUNTESS
BASE BURNER

The Handsomest, most Effective and Economical Base Burner ever produced. By merit it has won unprecedented popularity, and in its New Dress for 1889 outstrips all competition. To be had of all first-class dealers.

MANUFACTURED BY
The E. & C. Gurney Co., Ld.
TORONTO HAMILTON MONTREAL WINNIPEG

J. W. Cheeseworth
TAILOR AND DRAPER,
106 King St. West

A Complete Assortment of
Fall and Winter Goods
Suitable for Gentlemen's present wear

N.B.—The public should call and see our Cheviots and Scotch Tweeds, suitable for Double-breasted Sack Suits.

A SPLENDID CHANCE

WE WILL GIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS
"SATURDAY NIGHT"
AND THE
WORLD TYPEWRITER

For $10, cash with order. The price of the Typewriter alone is $10. See advertisement of this machine in another column.

J. YOUNG
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER
347 Yonge Street, Toronto.
TELEPHONE 675.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

No subscription taken for less than three months.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. III] TORONTO, OCT. 26, 1889. [No. 48

Wear Your Poverty Gracefully.

If it is hard to grow old gracefully, it is still more difficult to bear a reverse of fortune in the same spirit. A loss of money and all that it involves, is a stern trouble, one which reveals its barbs freshly day by day, but there is no doubt whatever that people in reduced circumstances add largely to their real grievances through pride and false sentiment. Overtaken by sudden poverty, a man always gets the Job-like consolation, "Now you'll know who your real friends are." It is a bitter drop to add to his cup of trouble the insinuation that friends of his prosperous days may now forget him. Immediately he is on the alert to discover flaws in their behavior. It is apt to make him meet them suspiciously, and while he puts their manner to a crucial cross-examination, he does not perceive that his own is cold and repellant. Unconscious of any lack of warmth in himself he frequently chills those who desire to show him sympathy and kindness, until they are half afraid to say anything lest it be resented as pity. That the world is worldly goes without saying, that it is a general rule for people to desert their friends when troubles comes is untrue, it is the same thing as declaring every one a snob. When in bitterness of spirit a man feels inclined to do so, he should pause and ask himself if he in his prosperous days snubbed the unfortunate among his acquaintances, and give his old-time friends credit for possessing as much good breeding as makes him answer the question in the negative. Certainly, he should not exaggerate mere acquaintances of past times into friends, and then expect a great deal from them. A man should also remember that of all equipments, that of the shabby genteel is the hardest for an outsider to bear. With an inferior it is an easy thing to put the hand in the pocket, provided it is well lined, and offer him assistance, but it takes infinite tact and kindness to do the same to an equal. While the giver may be willing to forget his kindness, it is ever before the mind of the recipient, who ends in being irritated if he can't discharge the debt, showing only too plainly that it is a distress for him to bear despite his instincts of gratitude.

Again there are those among the unfortunate who seem to carry with them an overwhelming sense of their troubles and disappointments. Always dismal, they end in wearying the most tried of friends, who at length consider attentions paid to them as a solemn duty to be despatched as quickly as possible. Absorbed in their troubles, the reflex of their own dominant thought is on their faces, they even forget the many social graces of life and manner that go to make an agreeable person, and which rendered their society desirable in old days. Embittered and self-centered, they never realize the fact that their society on purely personal grounds is no longer desirable. Society demands of people that they be agreeable, pleasant to the eye, or amusing, or able to give entertainments. For those who have none of those things the *gay* world is not the place. A man's possessions and his power to entertain are sometimes the only recommendations he has to society; what wonder, then, that when they take wings he drops out of a world which allowed him place only for the sake of his power to give others enjoyment. But few people, it is to be hoped, have so few personal gifts that such is their case. An amusing person, if he has any position, rarely lacks invitations, whether he is poor or not, but if one is stupid and poor his company will not be particularly desirable.

Life is a see-saw. When we are up we admit the fact with the complacency of those in well-assured positions, we are where we ought to be, but when we go down, we are out of our proper place. The generality of people feel fit for the best of everything, and are convinced of the unfairness of fickle fortune when she withholds some of her gifts. But while in many cases a man may be greatly to blame that in losing his fortune he also loses his friends, t does happen that some of his old comrades give him the cold shoulder undeservedly. The wonder is, however, that he is surprised, his knowledge of their character should not have led him to expect anything else. Chosen for his companions for merely some worldly motive, he never inquired if they had any real worth about them. Possibly even in those halcyon days, when care was not his portion, he had seen them act meanly to others, and had positive evidence of their insincerity, but shutting his eyes to their faults flattered himself that should occasion arise they would treat him differently, their affection for him keep them from ever being untrue. Knowing their worthlessness he should not complain if such bosom companions treat him as they did the others. After all is said and done, the world is not as hollow as it is made out to be; even butterflies of fashion are sometimes possessed of hearts full of kindliness. If one gave ear to all the twaddle that is written on the subject, one would come to the conclusion that it is an exception when any one not poor, or unfortunate, is kind. Those whose fortunes have waned are also apt to imagine that only those who have known better things feel the privations of a humble lot. They are in fact eaten up with the consciousness of their own woes and are careless or indifferent to the trials of others. That the cutting off f luxuries one is accustomed to is hard to bear is very true, but how much greater the mistake of a man in such a position to be always thinking of these losses, and by making himself sensitive and exacting with friends, shut himself out of a society that might still hold pleasures for him, and make him forget sometimes his misfortunes. If while giving up any pretence to things beyond his now limited income, he still preserves his independence, he would find there were yet some good things remaining to him. Looking at the world with unjaundiced eyes, and taking such good things as yet remain to him, he would find much to cheer his path of thorns and enable him to accept misfortune with grace and dignity, and ready to take the half-loaf joys that the social world still offers him, to his own and his friend's mutual advantage.

J. M. LOBB.

MUSIC

The first of the People's Popular Concerts took place at the Pavilion on Thursday evening of last week, before an audience hardly as large as the fine programme deserved. All the elements that go to make up popularity and excellence were contained in the programme, especially that of variety. And it may safely be assumed that if the present lines, of securing well-known and popular talent as well as introducing deserving new-comers to the public, be followed with the same good judgment that has guided the first efforts of the gentlemen who arrange the People's Pops, these concerts must become literally popular. The little orchestra which forms a strong attraction in the scheme played extremely well, being composed of some of the leading instrumentalists in their different lines. Precision, intonation and a good volume of tone were distinguishing features, while the swing and style and general degree of artistic excellence were highly creditable to their conductor, Mr. Arthur Depew. The vocalists all did extremely well, well-known names being among them, including Miss Marie A. Strong and Mr. F. Warrington. Mrs. Marie Harrison made an excellent impression. She has a sweet high soprano voice, better in the upper than the middle register, and sings with taste and expression. Master George Fox played at his best and exceeded his former Toronto successes. The other gentlemen, Messrs. S. H. Clarke and W. E. Ramsay, were both weighty contributors to the pleasure of the evening. But the programme was too long.

•

Mr. John Bayley, bandmaster of the Queen's Own Rifles, has joined the staff of the Conservatory and will be one of its professors for the violin.

•

The excellent Heintzman Band will give a series of concerts this season, the first of which will take place at the New Academy of Music, on Monday, Nov. 11, when the band will be assisted by the Levy Concert Company. Levy himself is undoubtedly unique as a cornet soloist, and is sure to draw an audience. His company this year is much better than it was last season, and he is now supported by Mme. Stella Levy, soprano; Mme. Rosa Linde, a new contralto with a voice encompassing three octaves; Mr. William Lavin, a tenor who is already favorably known here, and Mr. Edwin M. Shonert, the clever young pianist who was here with the Musin Concert Company last year.

•

Speaking of the Musin Concert Company, I stated last week that their concert would take place on October 22. This was told me by the agent, but other counsels prevailed and the great violinist will be with us at a later date.

•

The prospectus of Torrington's Orchestra is published and promises two concerts this season, in the arrangements of whose programmes Mr. Torrington will exercise his usual care, and make them selections of music for the people. The very good work done by this organization will no doubt be excelled this year, and the efforts of the orchestra should meet with substantial appreciation.

•

St. George's Society shows a fine programme composed almost entirely of distinctively English music, headed by some beautiful ballads sung by Mrs. Agnes Thomson. An amusing instance of what the printer can do when he really sets his mind to it, is given in the item, The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington, in which he has removed that damsel to our other suburb of Eglinton!

•

Miss Annie Lampman, a few years ago as a pupil of Mr. J. Davenport Kerrison, gave promise of great talent. This promise seems to have been abundantly fulfilled, for I have received notices from Leipsic and Halle papers which speak in the highest terms of her piano playing, showing that her study in Germany has been both well-designed and profitable. All the critics unite in praising the softness, richness and fulness of her touch, the clearness and easy character of her technique, and the artistic and intelligent expressional rendering of her performances. She played Grieg's Concerto in A minor, op. 16, assisted at a second piano by her teacher, the great Martin Krause; Bach's Andante and Rondo, Chopin's B major Nocturne, and the Liszt-Mendelssohn Wedding March, giving especial brightness to the fine ornamentations of the elves' play. Miss Lampman will soon return to Canada.

•

Mr. Fred. C. Smythe, Mus. Bac., T.C.D., who has lately come to Canada to join the staff of the Canadian College of Music at Ottawa, will give an organ recital at the Toronto College of Music, on Thursday evening, October 31, assisted by Mrs. Macfarlane, who will render several vocal selections.

•

The genial Max Bachert will give a concert here on Monday, November 4, when his Boston Symphony Orchestral Club, assisted by M'lle Augusta Ohrstrom, will appear.

METRONOME.

Time Was No Object.

"Can't you stay a while longer?" asked the criminal as his kind friend was about to leave.

"No, Bob, I haven't time to-day."

"Well," said Bob, "take some of mine, I've got ten years more than I want here."

The Drama.

Nothing is much better fitted to give an observant person a strong idea of the lack of originality among men than a regular attendance on theatrical exhibitions. When one considers the army of seemingly bright and intelligent men and women that make the stage a means of livelihood one might expect to see each company—worthy of the name—present something nearly as new, almost as different from that presented by preceding companies as the new figure shown by the last turn of the kaleidoscope is different from the others. Especially might we expect this when the press is daily pouring forth torrents of sparkling wit, delightful humor, striking incident—running the whole gamut of dramatic scenes from the most frivolous to the most momentous. These fruits of thousands of active intelligences, some of the brightest and cleverest living to-day, are scattered freely to whomsoever chooses to pick and eat. There is no restriction. The materials for a thousand Othellos, a thousand School for Scandals and millions of less important efforts are shot forth yearly by that all-reflecting mirror of life, the newspaper press.

•

Ah, but you give us that time honored chestnut, "There's nothing new under the sun! How can we get originality when there is none?" Let it pass and let us uncover as it passes by. True, there may be nothing original in the composing ingredients, but, as my friend the B. A. would say in Latin, "the times change and we change in them," and in this vast sausage machine of the Press and in this present day there are some excellent new combinations made of the old unoriginal matter. Have the exhumers of buried Herculaneum, have the searchers in mummy-infested pyramids, have the violators of Buddha's temples, or the ransackers of the archives of Chinese dynasties thousands of years old, brought to light anything to lead us to believe that Where Did You Get That Hat? was ever sung before?

•

Yet with these seemingly boundless resources to draw on for fresh material, many theatrical managers can but follow where others lead. The result is that the regular attendant at our theaters has, figuratively speaking, portions of Sunday's dinner served up to him in various stages of decay almost all the rest of the week. He hears a prima donna sing a beautiful song and he goes home with the liquid notes reverberating in the musical cavity of his brain. The next week the song-and-dance man of a variety show gives him the same song and knocks all the poetry out of it. And by the time he hears it from the singing soubrette of the romantic melodrama company, he is ready to call a coupe and to ride home limp and dejected.

•

Although Hallen & Hart's company, which has played at the Grand Opera House this week, took a shy at The Brigands and several other performances we have seen before, it must be said that their performance is more original than we usually get from variety companies. As for the name of the farce-comedy, Later On, it might as well be The Day After To-morrow for all the relation it bears to the composition of the farce. There is a little singing, which is fairly good, and a little dancing, by dainty little damsels in abbreviated skirts, who coquettishly display glimpses of lace *lingerie* and vast expanses of black silk stocking. Then there is some humorous dialogue, followed by more singing, and so on. This is the substance of Later On, which is merely intended as a laugh producer, and in this object, I judge, it rarely fails.

•

Mr. Fred Hallen is a handsome young man, whose clever singing and acting give promise of better things. Mr. Joe Hart is also clever in his own line. The dancing of Miss Annie Lewis was full of life, and graceful, and the support of the rest of the company was good enough to keep the merriment going.

The distinguished young actor, Robert Mantell, begins his annual engagement in this city at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening next, appearing during the week in three different plays. The beautiful romantic drama, "Monbars," will be presented on Monday and Tuesday evenings and at the Wednesday matinee. The success Mr. Mantell met with in this play assures him a hearty welcome on his return. His impersonation of the title role is deservedly popular with our theater-goers, and is considered the most finished piece of acting that Mr. Mantell has yet favored us with. To prove his versatility as an actor, he will appear as Raphael the sculptor, in Selby's poetic romance, The Marble Heart, on Wednesday and Friday evenings, and at the Saturday matinee. The Marble Heart is a play for thinking people, and its philosophic truths will furnish rich food for thought. This play is sometimes called a society drama, but it ranks far above the so-called society drama of to-day. Shakespeare's Othello is reserved for Thursday and Saturday night. The pronounced hit Mr. Mantell made as the princely Moor, on the occasion of his last appearance here in this great tragedy, will fill the theater on both these nights and no lover of the greatest poet of all ages, should miss seeing Mr. Mantell's conception of this powerful character.

•

The company supporting the actor this season is a thoroughly competent dramatic organization, and besides those who were with him last year it includes Miss Constance Hamblin who plays Emelia in Othello. Miss Charlotte Behrens is still the leading lady and her acting is being highly praised this season. Mr. Mark Price plays Laurent, Volage and Iago. All three of the plays will be handsomely mounted and costumed and a series of enjoyable performances are assured.

•

If there was any doubt about this being the chestnut season one need but consult the play bills of the Toronto Opera House to set one's mind at rest. Last week it was Fanny Buckingham and her old gray horse; this week it is the well-worn and once popular melodrama, Harbor Lights. This ultra-romantic drama has already been described several times in SATURDAY NIGHT. Coming from the pens of Geo. R. Sims and Henry Petitt it is needless to say it has points of excellence beyond the average melodrama and was constructed, I should say, with a view to the introduction of elaborate scenic effects. It has had its day, however, but will, no doubt, still go dragging its weary bones along the ten-cent route for many moons yet. Of the company playing Harbor Lights here this week little can be said in the way of commendation. The flat dull mantle of hopeless mediocrity seems to have fallen on them all with one or two exceptions. The particular exception, however, is Miss Gail Forrest, the bright young lady who plays the heroine. Her work, though crude in some parts, shows careful study and promising ability.

•

Miss Jessie Alexander is advertised to give a new programme of readings in Association Hall, on Monday evening, November 4. Miss Alexander is becoming widely known as a clever young elocutionist and may be expected to present something good on that occasion.

NOTES.

The Kendals have caught on in New York wonderfully, notwithstanding the fears that their methods might not suit American audiences. Mrs. Kendal has most agreeably disappointed all expectations and has become a general favorite.

•

Last week Charles Wyndham and his London company opened the new and magnificent Tremont Theater, Boston. The play was David Garrick. A New York paper says: "Charles Wyndham, the actor, is not a strikingly handsome man, but he was all through the war in an ambulance, and he can act in German and collect curios. He belongs to the Lester Wallack school, and his realism in the drunken scene of David Garrick is calculated to bring tears even to the jaded eyes of the 400."

•

Joe Jefferson is a medium-sized, slim-built man with smiling blue eyes and the most warming of manners. His face beams with good nature, but does not betray the sixty years belonging to it. His advent, as booked for in certain towns, is looked forward to as eagerly as the coming of spring, and he lives in a milk-white castle on the summit of a Louisiana island where he plays at raising prize cattle. He also lives in his work; yet he believes in the virtues of rest and takes a two hours' nap every afternoon. He can only do one thing at a time, but he can do that one thing better than most men; and in his leisure moments he trifles with water color painting and salmon fishing.

•

New Yorkers are now on the threshold of one of the most affluent dramatic and musical seasons on record. The influx of foreign talent is especially great and includes the great Italian tragedian, Salvini, who is now playing Othello and Samson at Palmer's, the Kendals, Wilson Barrett, Charles Wyndham, Terriss & Millward, the London Gaiety and Victoria Vokes. Leading American players have formed what might be called stellar teams, such as Booth, Barrett and Modjeska, and Joe Jefferson, W. J. Florence and Mrs. John Drew, in order, presumably, to minimize interest in the foreigners. It is certain that some of this affluence will come across the border and it is to be hoped that our managers can see their way clear to bring nearly all those stars to Toronto.

•

The prologue to the "swelling act of the Imperial theme"—the new opera at the Savoy Theater, London—which is written by W. S. Gilbert and composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan, has been acted in the usual manner and with the usual surroundings. The prologue consists in calling the members of the company together when Sir Arthur plays them little bits of the music on the piano to give them an idea of it. Then each member gets his part of the score, and Mr. Gilbert later on furnishes the words. They do say that a terrible oath is administered to the company, individually and collectively, that no word or line used in the opera shall be mentioned by them asleep or awake under dire penalties—probably "something lingering, with boiling oil in it," to quote the words of the immortal Mikado of Japan, who might be Mr. Gilbert himself. These know-alls may, however, be a little mistaken as to the forms and ceremonies which accompany the administration of the pledge of secrecy. Whether it exists or not, it is certainly very seldom that anything is divulged till the management sees fit to give forth just what it wants known, and the name of the new attraction is never announced till a few days before the curtain rises on the opera.

A Pleasant Picture.

Is there anything on earth sweeter than a young girl in a sacque? asks *N. Y. Truth*, her pretty white throat just showing above the encircling frill, and the waist defined high up under her arms by a loosely tied girdle. It is nature's own costume, especially when made of that mysterious stuff that falls in narrow pleats and yields so gracefully to the figure. I saw a pretty young woman yesterday dressed in that most becoming style. She had a Directoire hat, burdened with buds, a sacque in which all the flowers in the field seemed to blossom, a wide girdle in elastic folds down to her ankles, and pretty silk hose with shoes that Cinderella might have envied, finished her dress. She was as charming as a fairy tale princess, and yet there was nothing of affected æstheticism about her. A primrose was not more natural. Her round, dainty arms were incased in long gray gloves reaching above her elbows, and she carried a sunshade that looked like the flower wand of Titania. Needless to say, she abjured corsets, and was, consequently, as lythe as a young birch tree.

A Certain Sign.

De Jinks—Why do you think Miss Carrington will ultimately decline my proposal?

Merritt—Because she has shown my advice on the subject.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

Western Manners.

The following is printed at the bottom of a bill of fare at a Little Muddy hotel: "Guests, after picking their teeth, must positively return bowie to belt or bootleg. Jabbing knife into table by plate during meal is strictly prohibited. No shooting at the beefsteak."

Unappreciative.

"What is the use o' that girl bangin' away on the piano, Mariar?"

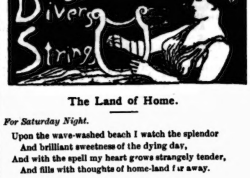
"Practice, John. Practice makes perfect."

"Perfect what—pandemonium!"—*Harper's Bazaar.*

Good Enough.

First Physician—Did old Coupon's cask yield to your treatment?

Second Physician—It did. I treated it six months and it yielded something like $1,000.



The Land of Home.

For Saturday Night.

Upon the wave-washed beach I watch the splendor
And brilliant sweetness of the dying day,
And with the spell my heart grows strangely tender,
And fills with thoughts of home-land far away.

Far in the West, beyond the crimson setting,
Beyond the beauty of the crested sea,
Beyond the sea wind's moan and weary fretting,
It lies in beauty loveliest to me.

O, land beloved! thy mem'ry thee endareth;
I love thee best of all the lands I've seen;
The crown hope of the dreams my fancy reareth,
Is found in thee, behind the sunset so sen.

I love the music of the restless ocean;
The dashing of the waters on the sands;
I love the wild tune of its fierce commotion,
When o'er it burst the stormcloud's mighty bands.

But sweeter far those song-dreams of my childhood,
That my heart heard in spring's sweet-scented breeze
The melodious winds played in the wildwood,
Upon the notes that nestled in the trees.

I love to gather shells upon the beaches,
Left with the seaweed by the ebbing tide;
Their mystic song my boyish fancy reaches,
And soothes the restlessness of all beside.

But give me first those early, sunny hours,
Void though they be of singing shell or tide,
The songs I heard from those wild, forest flowers,
Are sweeter now than every song beside.

I love to watch the white-caps in the distance,
The wavelets coming nearer than before,
To hear them lapping 'gainst the mute resistance
Of the unconscious rocks along the shore.

These glories save my soul with their completeness,
Their mightiness, their majesty and grace;
I love the strains of wild and weird-like sweetness
That seem to rise from them and fill the place.

But tho' these scenes can force my admiration,
They cannot sound the depths that lie below.
Sublimity can make no compensation
For those old days and that sweet "long age."

Ah! yes, to-night I watch the waters shimmer,
Reflecting back the sunset's crimson light—
O land beyond the daylight's fading glimmer,
My spirit longs to be in thee to-night!

O land of home! thou stirrest the best emotion
Of every heart that ever dwelt in thee;
The grandeur of earth's every land and ocean
Can never spell that little word for me.

London South. SAM GREENWOOD.

Sunshine and Shadow.

For Saturday Night:

Broad streams of sunlight flood the day;
Youth walks in flowering field of hope,
Trilling to fortune an auspicious lay,
Courting the muses on Olympus' slope.

Night-floods drench the field and beat the height,
Rough winds havoc wierdly through the dale;
Fancy haunts that dark Walpurgis night,
Or rides the stormy billows with the gale.

The heavens deck their robes of azure pale,
Shading the snow folds with rosy line;
The light of promise through the misty veil
Speaks of the life beyond—of the divine.

The sunset dies, night's shadows fold the scene,
So life's dark shadows robe youth's vernal bowers;
Sad memory sorrows o'er the might-have-been,
And decks the grave of hope with withered flowers.

HALB.

Love Letters.

For Saturday Night.

Though far from these arms where, in love, I so often
Have clasped thy fair form in a throbbing embrace,
No more may the touch of thy dewy lips soften,
And kiss the faint lines of dull care from my face;
Still thy presence is felt and the charm is unbroken,
Though no lips respond to my lover-like vow;
While fondly I gaze on this written love-token,
I feel thy sweet spirit, love, with me e'en now. R. M. G.

The Land of the Long-Ago.

It lies far out of our reach—an island
That seems to float on a sunlit sea,
With fair green lowland and purple highland
And shining spaces of wood and lea.
There crystal streams in the radiant valleys
Rush downward, onward, in ceaseless flow;
There, tall and stately, stands Youth's bright palace
In the Land of the Long-Ago.

The warm light flashes from roof to basement
On that glad dwelling that once was ours,
And laughter echoes from porch and casement,
And music mingles with scent of flowers,
And well-remembered and cherished faces
Smile ever there in the Summer glow,
And keep, unfading, unchanged, their places
In the Land of the Long-Ago.

Unchanged, unfading, they linger deathless
In that unclouded, unshadowed clime—
The "vanished hands" and the lips, now breathless,
Our lips have kissed in the by-gone time.
No sadness gathers on brows grown older,
No sun-bright tresses are touched with snow,
No eyes are dimmer, no hearts are colder
In the Land of the Long-Ago.

The childish faiths and the fairy fancies
Still breathe and bloom on that distant shore—
The dead beliefs and the lost romances,
The golden dreams we shall dream no more.
They dwells in meadows and woods enchanted,
Where roses gathered in old-time grow,
By mem'ries guarded, by spirits haunted,
In the Land of the Long-Ago.

But onward ever the waves are sweeping
The bark that bears us on Life's swift tide,
And Fate is stronger than pray'rs or weeping—
No loves are lasting, no joys abide.
And dark before us the way lies, whither
We cannot fathom and may not know,
But backward never—ah, never thither—
To the Land of the Long-Ago.

T. FERGUSON.

Love's Astronomy.

'Twas an evening in October,
And we stood there all alone,
And you pointed to the heavens,
Where the jeweled dipper shone.
And you told me to remember
When I saw those bright stars shine,
That as long as the dipper hung there,
So long would you be mine.

Again it is October,
And I am still alone;
And of late I've lost the interest
I once had in stars, I own.
But somehow the idea strikes me,
As I watch the starry group,
Since you married my rival yesterday,
The dipper's in the soup.

Noted People.

Princess Beatrice flits around Balmoral in a small cart.

Sir Edwin Arnold is filled with astonishment at the comfort enjoyed by travelers on American railways.

Mrs. Mackay wears at times a flawless sapphire nearly an inch in diameter, which is said to have cost $155,000.

Gabriello Greeley, the famous editor's favorite daughter, lives on her father's old farm in Western New York. She is in many ways a Lady Bountiful to the working people around her.

The beautiful Queen of Italy has become an earnest student of Volapuk. She takes several lessons every week in the language and can read quite rapidly, but finds some difficulty in pronouncing the curious sounds.

Marshal Von Moltke is one of the most venerable veterans living, in a double sense. He began his practical military studies when a boy of twelve years, and on the 26th of this month he enters upon the 90th year of his age.

Meissonier recently said to a lady, who remarked upon visiting his new house that she missed pictures of his own from among the beautiful things with which he had adorned the rooms: "Ah, madame, they are too dear to allow me to keep them."

Thomas A. Edison made a strong impression in England through his conservatism. He is not fond of what is called "society," and his refusal to be lionized added to his dignity in the eyes of exclusive Britishers. He came high, but they couldn't have him.

The daughter-in-law of the poet Tennyson has entire charge of the dairy connected with the poet's estate on the Isle of Wight. By a strange coincidence, the son-in-law of James Russell Lowell has a famous dairy at Southborough, Mass., and supplies the poet's table, too.

Young McClellan, the son of General McClellan, who marries Miss Heckshar at Newport on the 30th of this month, and who has just been made Treasurer of the Board of Bridge Trustees, is a very clever and amiable young man, who has been in the daily newspaper business in New York for several years and has given every evidence of first-class ability. He has, of course, some money, and started in at the beginning in journalism because he intends to make it his profession and wants to learn every detail. He began as a reporter on the *Morning Journal*, went from there to the place of assistant to the city editor of *The World*, and is now one of the financial reporters for *The Herald*, to be seen every day in Broad street. He is somewhat undersized, just as his father was, but strong and sturdy and a thoroughly good fellow.

The Duchess of Edinburgh has made no effort to enlist the affections of the nation, and has shown a most decided disinclination to be in England for longer than is absolutely necessary. She has, moreover, comported herself so haughtily to those who have been brought into contact with her, that she has hardly a friend in England. On her arrival in that country from Malta, some effort was made to induce her to do some of the official acts in the way of opening bazaars and attending various functions which are expected from the Princesses, but she obstinately refused, and even in one or two cases allowed her name to be formally announced as being about to attend, and never made the smallest effort at putting in an appearance. She conducted herself, indeed, with such intolerable haughtiness to the Princess of Wales, that that amiable lady, who had at first entertained some hopes of taking her up and transforming her into a more accommodating person, found her very soon utterly impossible, and dropped her like a hot potato.

Poor little Princess Sophie was forbidden by her stern brother to have her fineries from London or Paris; the Kaiser insisted that all the money allotted for her trousseau should be spent either in Germany or Greece. But for all that, the young bride was determined to possess herself of some of the coveted London braveries, and has devoted a good deal of her private pin-money, for the last few months, to orders from her favorite shops in England. Not long since the Emperor of Germany, wishing to ascertain what progress his sister, Princess Sophie, had made in her study of the Greek language, sent her a letter written, His Majesty said, in modern Greek. Next day the Princess sent it back, confessing that she could not make it out, as she had not advanced far enough in her studies to decipher the august missive. The Emperor burst out laughing on reading his sister's reply, for the letter, though written in Greek characters, was couched in the homely language of the Vaterland. The future Queen of Greece had not detected the fraud, and was greatly surprised when her brother told her.

Princess Christian is now at Wiesbaden, where she is undergoing a further course of the treatment which has proved so beneficial to her eyes. It is hoped that the result will be that she will be free from trouble in the future, and as the treatment has met with striking success in many cases of a far more difficult character than that of Princess Christian, it is probable that these hopes will be justified. The Princess is undoubtedly one of the most popular members of the Royal Family—one of the few popular members of it one might almost say. As for the German portion of the Royal Family, they may be summed up briefly, and, including in the list the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian and his sons, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and the Duke of Teck, they never would be missed. Princess Christian, on the other hand, is deservedly popular. By her energy in charitable works, by her readiness to assist in any movement of a beneficial character, and by her affability and courtesy, she has endeared herself to all with whom she has been brought in contact. There are many, therefore, who will heartily wish that she may return to England with her eyesight completely restored.

Since her return to New York, Mrs. Frank Leslie has been occupied in fitting up her new offices in the *Judge* building. Her private office is a sunny corner room on the third floor, in which she has managed to combine business conveniences and artistic arrangements without allowing either to preponderate or overshadow the other. The walls are hung with Japanese tapestries of extreme rarity which give a magnificent effect of color, but seem, nevertheless, to be continually asking why they are in a newspaper office, and not in a heathen temple. One corner holds a curious Simel Seide screen, and the polished floor is covered thickly with Persian rugs. In the midst of all this beauty sits the presiding genius, Mrs. Frank Leslie, looking pretty and trim in her perfectly fitting gown of black silk, with a coquettish little black silk apron trimmed with heavy cream-colored lace. These tailor-made black silks are Mrs. Leslie's working uniform, and it is only in her evening hours that she permits herself the pretty vanities of dress that her womanly nature is so fond of. Mrs. Leslie has planned out for herself a very busy winter. She intends to devote herself to literature as a creator as well as a publisher, from which resolution the very happiest results may be expected.

Varsity Chat.

As a natural result of class organization challenges are flying hither and thither for inter-class matches at football or anything else. Each class in fact breathes promiscuous defiance at all others. The other day the classes of '92 and '93 played at Association. I had expected to see the lawn lined with the members of the years in combat but it was not so; they were away, I presume, at their books. Some day it is to be hoped these gentlemen will learn that books are not the sum total of existence. The incident is not so much discouraging to the advocates of *esprit de corps* as it is evidence that patience must be exercised towards bookworms. Future students will doubtless reap the fruits of far-sighted and, at present, half-appreciated labor.

•

At the '90 organization meeting a tendency was manifested—a mistaken one, I think—to make the class a purely business concern. In the provisional constitution, prepared by a committee, the offices of poet and orator were proposed. They were attacked as superfluous, and although they survived, it was nevertheless made clear that a Lord High Cockalorum, or Constable, or Soothsayer, would have had, if proposed, no chance whatever.

•

The influence of the United States upon us is calculated to destroy any desire we may have for anything but dollars and cents. No doubt this is apart from considerations of external influence, to be expected in a new and democratic country. It is, however, an influence which, having our eyes open to it, we ought to set ourselves against. Therefore let us have a little nonsense now and then, a little mysticism, a little of the fantastic, let us have customs, let us wear gowns. Gowns cost something, it is true, but in the long run they are worth far more than they cost. We should recognize ourselves as part of what is to come after us.

•

The Literary Society moves on in its old mediocrity. The speeches of debaters are still little lumps of bold argument without any suggestion of oratorical capability or ambition. There is the same small crowd each night, and small as the attendance is, the number of those who speak with effect or even with moderate fluency is still smaller. The consoling thought remains that those who combine regular attendance with hard work are the members benefited.

•

Last week some little stir was created by the announcement that before granting the use of Convocation Hall for a public debate on November 8, Sir Daniel demanded from the society a guarantee of good order during and after the proceedings. A resolution was accordingly passed declaring the society's disapproval of rough conduct and extravagant noise, and doubtless the consciousness of being on trial will prove a help to self-restraint.

•

When we invite our friends to the hall we do not expect them to be electrified by the eloquence of our chosen, nor do they look for the appearance of a fresh Demosthenes on each occasion. We are beginners and quite aware of the fact. Our friends hear us patiently because of the hope they have in us. At the same time we must try to supply them, if possible, with some amusement and give entertainment which, if not meritorious in the extreme in oratory, elocution or music, is still characteristic of ourselves and unique even as students are unique.

Ponderous editors and grave academic magistrates continually tell us that our occasional yelling and shouting on public occasions is an unmitigated nuisance, and that our patrons, the public, think so. But the public come, hear the noises, go and return to hear the noises again, and so we are driven to conclude that this disturbance is not so entirely obnoxious as some would lead us to suppose. Once more the truth seems to lie in the mean. That our friends do not object altogether to remarks from the rear is evident from their repeated attendance; that the thing should not be carried too far we have the unerring witness of common sense.

•

Mr. J. R. Stone, B.A., M.B., has gone to heal the sick and interest the young ladies of Parry Sound.

•

Mr. J. W. Elliot, B.A., '89, is studying theology at Princeton, N. J.

•

At the Literary Society last Friday night I observed the familiar face of Mr. J. D. Spence, B.A., '89.

•

Negotiations are being carried on with reference to a change in the conduct of the *Varsity*. A proposal has been made to place the control of the paper in undergraduate hands and a committee struck to consider the same. The present management seem to have grown weary in well-doing. NEMO.

The Hard Luck of Austrian Officers.

Count Grotta, captain of one of the crack hussar regiments of the Emperor of Austria, is now undergoing trial at Vienna on a charge of having hewn down with his sabre, on the staircase of his *belle-amie's* house, an unarmed young man of the name of Gartenberg. The Count does not deny having wounded the prosecutor, but claims that he was obliged to draw his sword in order to "preserve intact his honor as an officer;" and while it is certain that he will be acquitted by the criminal court, it is equally positive that he will be forced to resign his commission in the army. In order to appreciate the position in which he is placed it should be stated that if any officer, while in uniform, is either struck or otherwise grossly insulted without avenging the affront, he is dismissed from the army in disgrace, and not only expelled from all the clubs, but also ostracised by society. While it is always possible to avenge an insult on the part of an equal or superior, or, indeed, of anyone holding a commission in the Imperial service, officers are not permitted to fight duels with inferiors, such as non-commissioned officers and private soldiers, peasants, tradesmen or petty merchants. They are, therefore, debarred from avenging any blow received from the latter, and consequently doomed to irremediable disgrace thereby.

The result is that Austrian officers never appear in uniform in public without their swords, which they are always ready to use without hesitation whenever they believe themselves to be in danger of being insulted or struck by an inferior. Should an officer in uniform quarrel, for instance, with a cab driver and should the latter threaten to strike him with his whip, the officer would be regarded by the criminal courts as having been perfectly justified in cutting down his would-be assailant with his sword. While the criminal procedure, however, recognizes this right of the officer to protect the "honor of the Emperor's uniform," the military authorities themselves invariably insist on the officer in question resigning his commission in the active army, as a punishment for having placed himself in a predicament where he was obliged to use his sword. We need scarcely add that all this renders Austrian officers particularly careful of their conduct, and their names are never found mixed up in any street brawls or similar street battles.

A Confession.

I think that moment in a woman's life
When writhes her soul in fiercest desperation,
And darkest gall and mutiny are rife,
Is when, in horse-car borne, she grows aware
Of the keen yet respectful observation
Of the young man across; no drowsish stare
But a charmed gaze of fine discrimination
And rapt approval—till she feels a glow
Through all her being, a soft, thrilled pulsation.
I think the sharpest anguish she can know,
The bitterest despair and desolation,
Is when she looks, in sweet, shy perturbation,
And notes his fine, discerning eye full bent
Upon the woman next to her, intent,
Absorbed in musing, p easured contemplation.

Puck.

Bad Spelling.

"Bad spelling," says Benjamin Franklin in one of his letters, "is generally the best, as conforming to the sound of the letters and of the words. To give you an instance, a gentleman received a letter in which were these words, 'Not finding Brown at hom, I delivered your meseg to his yf.' The gentleman, finding the writing bad and therefore not very intelligible, called his wife to help him to read it. They picked out the meaning of all but the yf, which they could not understand. The lady proposed to call her chambermaid, 'because Betty,' says she, 'has the best knack at reading bad spelling of anyone I know.' Betty came, and was surprised that neither sir nor madam could tell what yf was. 'Why,' says she, 'you spells wife; what else can it spell?' And, indeed, it is a much better as well as a shorter method of spelling wife."

A Mistaken Compliment.

Mr. Blunderbed (to fond mother and father)—What remarkable children yours are! Where did they get so much beauty and cleverness?

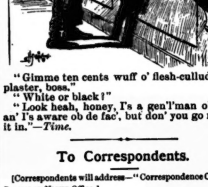
And Blunderbed can't understand why the parents of the remarkable children are cool to him. Most people love to have their children praised.

Lost: A Golden Opportunity.

She (archly)—Whom should you call the prettiest girl in the room?

He (looking about him)—H'm. Well, to tell the truth, there isn't a pretty girl in the place. —*N. Y. Life.*

Drawing The Color Line.



"Gimme ten cents wuff o' flesh-cullud court plaster, boss."

"White or black?"

"Look heah, honey, I's a gen'l'man ob color an' I's aware ob de fac', but don' you go rubbin' it in."—*Time.*

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

ALICE, Toronto.—Even-tempered, painstaking, not easily changed in opinion, affectionate.

SAM POSTES, Toronto.—Determined, cool-headed and thoughtful. You have a good opinion of your ability, lay plans for the future and accomplish your ends by a dogged perseverance.

BEATRICE M., Toronto.—Self-reliant, to a certain extent self-esteeming, courageous, sensitive, intellectual, studious and fond of poetry, though possessing a strong sense of humor.

BLACK AND TAN, Toronto.—Your writing shows some decision of character, but also great love of luxury. You are passionate, excitable, an entertaining companion, an investigate talker and a little insincere. Yet you are generous and kind-hearted.

C. E. G., Hamilton.—Easily persuaded, lacking in energy, honorable, likely to make good resolutions which are soon broken. Your companions exert a great influence over you, and in the friendship of a strong character you would obtain the stability of temperament which you lack so sadly.

JOHNNIE-JUMP-UP, Guelph.—A custom which has found considerable favor among the Americans is the giving of a plain band as an engagement ring. The gems are used at the marriage ceremony, and the wedding-gift is a jewelled ring to wear above the plain gold band.

NELLIE EARLE, Woodstock.—Generous, impulsive, fickle, of that temperament which causes a girl to be called a flirt. You will endear friends to you by your gaiety and mischievous disposition While your friendship is held you will remain true. You possess a certain amount of pride, but are not haughty.

GERALDINE, Kingston.—Have the evening gown of duchess satin, combined with brocade in pale blue or pale green. For the street dress I should advise a German serge in buffalo red. Have the hat trimmed with black velvet, and wear black gloves. A vest of black in the jacket will give the desired effect of a complete suit.

INQUISITIVE, Burlington.—Names all have "meanings," though now that is a secondary consideration, and we see a girl with a face like a daughter of Ita'y, called Rose, or Pearl, while the boy who takes all by rol, is called Frederick which signifies peaceful ruler; Joseph—trust in God; Max—great; Edward—guardian of happiness; Eustace—lovely, amiable; Louise—a heroine; and Mabel—beloved and beautiful.

How Some Great Men Have Treated Books.

Books have been said to be the tools of writers. It may be interesting to see how some have treated them, for it is by no means every author who cherishes the binding of a book for the sake of the wisdom it contains. A striking instance of this may be found in Charles Darwin, who, though not exactly a literary man, was greatly dependent on his library for matter to work upon.

For books, his son informs us, he had no respect, considering them merely as implements to be worked with; and even when a volume fell to pieces from use he would reserve no more expensive a method of preserving it from utter rack and ruin than by fortifying its back with a metal clip. Worse than this, he would cut a heavy book in half, for greater convenience in the handling of it.

It was the account of some such sacrilege on the great naturalist's part, as he himself was given to boast, which induced his friend Lyell to publish a second edition of one of his own works in two volumes. Darwin's library, it is scarcely necessary to add, was not ornamental, whatever other interest it may have had.

No more was Dr. Johnson's, the omnivorous scholar treating books with no more ceremony than if they had indeed been so many bricks, keeping them in two separate over his chambers, in the midst of confusion and dust.

Somewhat similar to Darwin's way of dealing with books is that of the American poet Walt Whitman, who confesses to an occasional habit of tearing out a bundle of leaves from some cheap edition, to carry in his pocket for out-of-door perusal. Burns indulged in the practice of carrying a book in his pocket on his walks abroad. He wore out two copies of The Man of Feeling, we are told, in this service. We do not hear, however, of his tearing them to pieces, for greater ease in the handling, in the very original style of Darwin and Walt Whitman.

Other great men, from whom one might have expected more in the way of book worship, showed scarcely a greater amount of reverence for the persons of books which was among the earliest lessons inculcated in De Quincey's household.

We may deem it bad enough when men, great or small, confine their injuries to their own books. It was from among Southey's cherished stores that Wordswo thone evening, as the opium-eater with intimiate relation, took down a volume of Burke. Fortunately for the old Lake poet, who was impatient to tear his way into the heart of the book, tea was proceeding at the time, and knives were on the table. Not so fortunate for Burke's uncut pages, these knives had all been used with butter. After a momentary hesitation, a sigh to the virgin purity of his friend's new book, Wordsworth overcame his scruples, and cut the pages open, the knife leaving its "greasy honors" behind it on every sheet.

Lamb's method of dealing with books was eminently characteristic. With him kind feeling was never sacrificed to fastidiousness. Dearly as he loved folios, it was to no standoffish regard that he treated them, but rather as children will cherish their favorite playthings, lugging them about in his arms, taking them to meals with him, at the risk of their absorbing whatever meat or drink with which they came in contact.

Our volumes might come in for a kiss; another, less tenacious in its hold upon its owner's affections, would be pitched headlong into a neighbor's garden, to be there all dishevelled under the dews of night till morning.

Coleridge had a fitting regard for books, inflicting no more injury on them than the filling up of their margins with his voluminous notes, a practice which to most of his admirers rendered them only the more valuable. A more troublesome procedure was when he inscribed all the volumes lent him by De Quincey, amounting to several hundreds in number, with the lender's name, and the title of Esq.—an addition which it subsequently took the fastidious little opium-eater and a lady friend several hours' hard work to efface, he fearing lest it might be considered an embellishment of his own.

Shelley seems to have been inspired with none of that personal attachment for particular volumes which distinguishes so many men of genius. Being erratic in his habits, he would purchase books in whatever place he might happen to be sojourning, leaving them behind him when he resumed his travels, so that, as was remarked, a respectable library might have been got together out of these waifs and strays.

The two that shared his last wanderings, and that went down with him into the blue waters of the Mediterranean, were a volume of Sophocles and one of Keats' poems, one of which was found in either of his jacket pockets. The latter doubled back, as if he had been reading it up to the moment of danger, and then hastily thrust it away, never to read it again.

Leigh Hunt, lover of books as he was, considering them, indeed, the only ends of life, put them to a purpose for which they were never intended when he used them literally as building material to erect a screen between himself and a view (a fair Italian view, if we remember rightly) that distracted him from the study in hand.

In speaking of Darwin's unceremonious treatment of books, we might have mentioned that he used them on occasion to raise his chair, at the same time frustrating his own object, as his children were amused to observe, by drawing a footstool under his feet.

It was not John Bright himself (who, as far as we know, was never wanting in a proper regard for the outward form of those treasures from which he derived, in great measure, his eloquence and wisdom), but one of his admirers who, in hopes of relieving the insomnia from which the great tribune was suffering, placed books beneath the bed's head to lift it to a higher level.

This was almost as bad as the little boy who carried out his idea of "Books which have helped me" by piling several weighty tomes to a height from which he could reach the jam pots on the shelf.

—:o:—

It All Depends.

Mistress (to applicant)—Well, Mary, you may consider yourself engaged, but I shall expect you to stay in evenings. No girl is fit to attend to her duties without regular hours of sleep. And nothing is more dangerous to health and morals than wandering about the streets and attending parties.

(One week later, three a.m.) Same (to same)—Goodness, Mary, what a sleepy-head you are! I want you to understand that I can't stand outside half an hour when I come home from a party. And it's been just so nearly every night since you came.—*Judge.*

At the Hod-Carrier's Banquet.

The chair rises to deliver his address of welcome just as the Roman punch is served:

Chairman McGookin—It affoords me more plisure than Oi can expriss to meet yez once more around the flative board.

O'Reagan (in a hoarse whisper)—Whist, Dinnis; cut it short. There's whuskey in the icecrame.

Chairman McGookin—Me frinds, there be toilnes whin silence is goolden. This is wan av thim—*Life.*

Worse Than That.

"Arrah, Pat, but it's hard times we are having indade."

"Ay, true for ye, Dinnis. Shtarvation is shtarin' us in the face."

"Aye, Pat, an' worse nor that, for it's shtarin' us in the shtomach, bedad."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Suited.

Uncle Eb (who has just come under the shaping machine).—I reck'n that one 'll do. It ain't got much style to it, but it's th' coolest hat fer its weight I ever see.—*Puck.*

A Joking Woman.

"Now you say that you have always been a loving and faithful wife and that your husband has no cause for complaint, do you?" asked a lawyer of an Indiana woman opposing her husband's petition for a divorce.

"Yes, sir; I do say that very thing," was the reply.

"You never threw sticks of wood at him, or hot water over him, did you?"

"Oh, I don't know but I may have done that once or twice in a playful way."

"Oh, you did! And were you joking when you chased him all over the house with a red hot poker?"

"Yes, I was; and he knew it, too"

"Didn't you sew him up in the bed-clothes one night and pound him with a club?"

"Well, now, the idea of a man trying to get a divorcement from his own lovin' wife for a little joke like that!"

"Oh, so that was a joke too, eh? Was it intended for a joke when you knocked him down cellar and threw three flat-irons after him?"

"Of course it was. I always was a joky kind of a woman."

"I should say so. You thought it a joke when you locked him out of the house with the thermometer below zero and he had to sleep in the hen-roost. That was a joke, eh?"

"Pshaw, now! He's gone and told you of that little caper of mine, has he? Well, he never could take a joke, nohow."

"A few more of your jokes would have killed him."

The judge thought so, too, and gave the man his "bill" whereupon his spouse of the past said:

"The idea of a man bein' allowed a divorcement from the true and lovin' wife of his buxzum for a few little jokes like that. There ain't no justice in it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

One Girl Who Was Hugged Too Hard.

At South Salem, Ross county, Ohio, Miss Ella Wilson, a popular young lady of the neighborhood, is reported as being at the point of death as the result of internal injuries caused by being hugged too tightly by Will L. Lavery, a young man. The girl, in fun, threw a glass of water on young Lavery, and he gave her a tight squeeze. As he is a very stout man he squeezed a little too hard, and broke something. The girl fainted and for a long time was in an unconscious state, but may recover. The young man is broken up over the result of what he intended as merely a little fun.—*Utica Globe.*

Habit

Hostess (to young Spriggins, M. D.)—Dr. Spriggins, will you have some of the tongue?

Dr. Spriggins (absent-mindedly)—Ch—er—let me look at it, please.

It Was Nothing

"For Hivin's sak, Phelim, an' what has happened yez?"

"Nothin', only I attinded a meetin' of the Friendly Brotherhood of Saint Patrick, an' I was elicted an honorary member wid a slight opposition, that's all. Me doctor says I'll be out agin in a month

A LIFE SENTENCE

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER I.

"Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

"We find the prisoner guilty, my lord."

A curious little thrill of emotion—half sigh, half sob—ran through the crowded court. Even the most callous, the most world hardened, of human beings cannot hear unmoved the verdict which condemns a fellow-creature to a shameful death. The spectators of Andrew Westwood's trial for the murder of Sydney Vane had expected, had predicted, the result; yet it came with the force of a shock to their excited nerves. The trial had lasted for two whole days already, and the level rays of sun shine that streamed through the west windows of the court house showed that the afternoon of a third day was drawing to a close. The attention of the judge and jurymen, to whom the seats were closely packed had been strained to the uttermost; the faces of many were white and weary, or flushed with excitement and fatigue. The short absence of the jurymen had only strung their nerves to a higher pitch; and the slight murmur that passed through the heavy air when their verdict was made known showed the tension which had been reached.

The prisoner was well known in the locality, and so also had been his victim. This fact accounted for the crowding of the court by friends and acquaintances of the man murdered and his murderer, and for the breathless interest with which every step of the legal process had been followed. Apart from this, the case had excited much attention in the England; the papers had been filled with its details, and a good deal of discussion on the laws of circumstantial evidence had taken place in the courts. Not that there could be any reasonable doubt as to the prisoner's guilt. True, nobody had seen him commit the crime. But he was a poacher of evil character and violent disposition; he had been sent to gaol for snaring rabbits by Mr. Vane, and had repeatedly vowed vengeance upon him; there was presumption against him from the very first. Then one evening he had been seen lurking about a covert near the place, and shortly afterwards; shots were heard by passers-by, and Mr. Vane was discovered lying amongst the spinning branches of the depths of a shadowy copse, shot through the heart. A scrap of rough tweed found in the dead man's hand was said to correspond with a torn corner of Westwood's coat, and the wounds were supposed to have been committed by the poacher with a gun which was afterwards found in Westwood's cottage. Several persons testified that they had seen Andrew issuing from the copse or walking along the neighboring road before or after the hour when Mr. Vane met with his fate, that he had his gun in his hand, that his demeanor was strange, and that his clothes seemed to have been torn in a scuffle. Still, little by little evidence accumulated against him until it proved irresistible. Facts which seemed small in themselves became large and bulky when charged with damatory significance in the lawyers' hands. The best legal talent of the country was used with crushing effect against poor Andrew Westwood. Sydney Vane had been a popular man; he belonged to a well-known county family, and had left a widow and child. His friends would leave no stone unturned, and earth to bring his murderer to justice. After all—as was said later—the man Westwood never had a chance. What availed the steady sullen denial against the mass of circumstantial evidence accumulated against him? The rope was round his neck from the time when that morsel of cloth was found clasped close in the dead man's hand.

If there had been a moment when the hearts of his enemies were softened, when a throb of pity was felt even by Sydney Vane's elder brother, the implacable old General who had vowed that he would pursue Andrew Westwood to the death, it was when the prisoner's little daughter had been put into the witness box to give evidence against her father. Every one felt that the sight was terrible, the situation almost unbearable. The child was eleven years old, a brown, thin, frightened-looking creature, with unusually large dark eyes and masses of thick dark hair. Her appearance evidently agitated the prisoner. He looked at her with an expression of anguish, and writing his gaunt, nervous hands together with a groan that haunted for many a long year the memories of those who heard it. The child's dilated black eyes fixed themselves upon him, and her lips, drawn back a little from her teeth, turned ashy white No one who saw her pathetic little face could feel anything but compassion for her, and a wish to spare her as much as possible.

The counsel certainly wished to spare her. Only one or two questions were to be asked, and these were not of great importance; but at the very outset a difficulty occurred. She was small for her age, and the judge had to ask whether she was aware of the nature of an oath. He got no answer but a frightened stare. A few more questions plainly revealed a state of extraordinary ignorance on the child's part. Did she know who made her? No. Had she not heard of God? No. Did she attach any meaning to the words "heaven" or "hell"? Not in the very least. By her own showing, Andrew Westwood's little daughter was no better than a heathen.

The judge decided that her evidence need not be taken, and made a severe remark about the unwisdom of bringing up young and untaught a witness into court, especially when—as appeared to him—the child was of feeble intellect and weakly constitution.

It was murmured in reply that the girl had previously shown herself quick witted and ready of tongue, and that it was only since the shock of her father's arrest that she had sunk into her present state of apparent semi-imbecility. No further attempt was made however to bring her forward; and little Jenny Westwood, as she was usually called, stepping down from the box, was bidden to go away, as the court in which her father was being tried for his life was no place for her. But she did not go. She shrank into a corner, and waited until the court rose that day. In the morning she came again, despite the efforts made by some kindly country women to take her away to their own homes. She did not speak, but struggled out of their hands with so wild a look in her eyes, especially when they shrank back from her aghast, whispering to each other that she was surely not right in the head, and perhaps they had better leave her alone. They made her sit beside them, and tried to persuade her to share the food that they had brought to eat during the long day; but they did not succeed in their kindly efforts. The child seemed stupefied; she had a blind look, and not respond when spoken to.

She heard the foreman declare the finding of the jury: "Guilty, my lord," but she hardly knew at that moment what was meant. Then came the usual question: Had prisoner anything to say? Was there any defence which even now he desired to urge, any plea in mitigation of his crime?

Andrew Westwood raised his head. He had a sullen, defiant countenance; his wild, dark eyes, the shock of black hair tumbled across his lowering brows, his rugged features, had told against him in popular estimation and given him a ruffianly aspect in the eyes of the crowd; and yet, when he stood up and with a sudden, rough gesture tossed the hair back from his brows and faced the judge with a look of unflinching resolution, it was felt that the man possessed a rude dignity which compelled so nothing very like admiration. Courage always commands respect, and, whatever his faults, his vices, his crimes might be, Andrew Westwood was a courageous man. He gripped the rail of the dock before him with both hands, and gave a quick look round the court before he spoke. His face was a little paler than usual, but his strong, hard voice did not falter.

"I have only to say what I said before. I take God to witness that I am innocent of this murder, and I pray that He'll punish the man that did kill Mr. Vane and lell me to bear the burden of his crime! That's all I have to say, my lord. You may hang me if you like—I swear that I never killed him; and I curse the hand that did!"

The hard defiant tone of his speech effectually dissipated the mom ntary sympathy felt for him by his audience. The judge merely cut him short, and said a few solemn words on the heinousness of his offence and the impenitence which he had evinced. Then came the tragic conclusion of the scene.

It had grown late; lights were brought in and placed before the judge, upon whose scarlet robes and pale agitated face they flickered strangely in the draught from an open window at the back of the court house. The greater part of the building was in shadow; here and here a chance ray of light rested on one or two in a row of raised faces, and threw some insignificant countenance into startling temporary distinctness. A breathless hush pervaded the whole room. Every eye was fixed on the central figures of the scene—on the criminal as he stood with hands still grasping the side of the dock, his head defiantly raised, his shoulders braced as if to support a blow; on the judge, whose pale features quivered with emotion as he donned the black cap and uttered the fatal words which condemned Andrew Westwood to meet death by the hangman's hand.

"And may the Lord have mercy upon your soul!"

These words were scarcely spoken before a loud scream rang through the hall. Westwood turned round sharply; his eyes roved anxiously over the throng of faces, and rested at last upon the child he had gathered about the benches in the background. He saw a little group of persons gathered about the body of a child whom they were reviving with difficulty air. It was his own little daughter who had cried out and fainted at the sound of those fateful words.

The prisoner was instantly removed by two warders; but it was noted that before he left the dock he threw up his hands as if in a wild gesture of supplication to Heaven for succour that would not hear. He made eager inquiries of the warders as to the welfare of his child; and it was perhaps some comfort to the compassion of one of them that the chaplain came to him an hour later in his cell with news of her. She was better, she was in the hands of kindly women who would take care of her, and she would come to see her father by-and-by. A convulsive twitch passed over Andrew's face.

"A-h no," he said; "I don't want to see her. What good would that do?"

The chaplain, a kindly man whose sensibilities were not yet blunted by the painful scenes through which he had constantly to pass, uttered a word of remonstrance.

"Surely," he said, "you would like to see her again! She seems to love you dearly."

"I'm not saying that I don't love her myself," said the man, turning away his face. Then, after a moment's pause, and in a stifled voice—"She's dearer to me than the apple of my eye. And that's where the sting is. I'm to go out of the world, it seems, with a blot on my name, and she'll never know why that put it there."

"If you saw her yourself——"

"Nay," said Westwood resolutely—"I won't see her again. She'd remember me all her life then, and she'd better forget. You're a good man, sir, and a kind—couldn't you take her away somewhere out of hearing of all this commotion, to some place where they would not know her father's story, and where she'd never hear whether he was alive or dead?"

The chaplain shook his head.

"I'm afraid not, Westwood," he said, compassionately. "I know of no place where she could be safe from gossip."

"She will hear my story wherever she goes, I suppose you mean, said Westwood wearily. "Ah, well, she will learn to bear it in time, poor little soul!"

The chaplain looked at him curiously. There was more sincerity of tone, less cant and affectation, in this man than in any criminal he had ever known.

"I suppose, sir," said the prisoner, after a short silence, during which he sat with his eyes fixed on the floor—"I suppose there is no chance of reprieve—of the sentence being commuted?"

"I'm afraid not, Westwood. And you must let me say that your own conduct during the trial makes it more improbable that any commutation of the sentence should be obtained. If, my man, you could have shown any penitence—if you had confessed your crime——"

"The crime that I never committed!" said Westwood, with a flash of his sullen dark eyes. "Ah, you all speak alike! It's the same story—'Confess—repent.' I may have plenty to confess and to repent of, but not this, for I never murdered Sydney Vane."

The chaplain shook his head.

"I am sorry that you persist in your story," he said sadly. "I had hoped that you would come to a better mind."

"Do you want me to go into eternity with a lie on my lips?" asked Westwood fiercely. "I tell you that I am speaking the truth now. My coat was torn on a briar; I fired my gun at a crow as I went over the fields to my cottage. I saw a man go into the copse after Mr. Vane just as I came out. Find him, if you want to know who killed Mr. Vane."

"You have told us the same story before," said the chaplain, in a discouraged tone. "For your own sake, Westwood, I wish I could believe it. Who was the man? What was he like? Where did he go? Unless those questions are answered, it is impossible that your story should be believed."

"I can't answer them," said Westwood, in a sullen tone. "I did not know the man, and I did not look at him. All I know is that he has murdered me as well as Mr. Vane, and bias ed the life of my innocent child. And I shall pray God night and morning as long as the breath is in my body to punish him and to bring shame and sorrow on himself and all that he loves, as he has brought shame and sorrow on me and mine."

Then he turned his face to the wall and would say no more.

CHAPTER II.

Beechfield Hall was the name of the old manor house to which the Vanes had lived for many generations. The present head of the family, General Richard Vane, was a man of fifty-five, a childless widower, whose interests centred in the management of his estate and the welfare of his brother Sydney and Sydney's wife and child. In the natural course of events, Sydney Vane would succeed his brother to the property. It had always been a matter of regret to the General that neither he nor his brother had a son; and when Sydney's life was prematurely cut short, the General's real grief for his brother's loss was deepened and embittered by the thought that the last chance of an heir was gone, and that the old name—one of the most ancient in the country—would soon become extinct; for a daughter did not count in the General's medieval creed. It did not occur to his mind as within the limits of possibility that he himself should marry again. He had always hoped that Sydney—twenty years younger than himself and the husband of a fair and blooming wife—would have a son to bear his name. Hitherto the Sydney Vanes had been unfortunate in their offspring. Of five beautiful children only one had lived beyond the first few months of babyhood—and that one was a girl! But father, mo'her, and that one was a girl! But father, mo'her, and uncle had gone on hoping for better things. Now it seemed likely that little Enid, the nineteen-old daughter, would be the last of the Vanes, and that with the General the name of the family would finally die out.

Beechfield Hall had long been known as one of the pleasantest houses in the country. It was a large, red-brick, comfortable-look ng mansion, made picturesque by a background of lofty trees and by the ivy and Virginia creeper and clematis in which it was enwreathed, rather than by the style of its architecture. Along the front of the building ran a wide terrace with stone balustrades and flight of steps leading to the flower garden, which sloped down to an ornamental piece of water fed by springs from the rich meadow land beyond. This terrace and the exquisitely-kept garden gave the house a stateliness of aspect which it would have lost if severed from its surroundings; but the General was proud of every stick and stone about the place, and could never be brought to see that its beauty existed chiefly in his own fond imagination. Beechfield Hall was beautiful or not, however, mattered little to the county squires and their families, to whom it had been for many years a center of life and gaiety. The general and his brother were hunting men; they had a capital stud, and were always ready to give their friends a good day's hunting season. They preserved strictly, and could offer good shooting and good fishing to their neighbors; and they were liberal of such gifts—they were generous and hospitable in every sense of the word. Mrs. Sydney Vane was of a similar disposition. Her dinners, her dances, her garden parties were said to be the most enjoyable in the county. She was young and pretty, vivacious and agreeable, as fond of society as her husband was of sport. She, too, always ready to fill her house with guests, to make up a party or organize a picnic, adored by all the young people in the neighborhood, the chosen friend and confidante of half the older ones. And now the innocent mirth and cordial hospitality of Beechfield Hall had come to an untimely end. Poor Sydney Vane had laid to rest in the little green churchyard behind the woodland slope which fronted the terrace and the lawn. His wife, prostrate with the shock of his death, had never left her room since the news of it was brought to her; her brother, the genial and warm-hearted general, looked for all the world like a ghost, and had seemed almost beside himself. Even little Enid was pale and frightened, and had lost her inclination for mirth and pleasure. The servants moved about in their sombre mourning garments with grave faces and hushed awestricken ways. It seemed almost incredible that a misfortune should have fallen upon the house, that its brightness should be quenched so utterly.

The news of the misfortune that had befallen the Vanes was made known, the General's maiden-sister descended from London upon the house and took possession, but not in any imperious or domineering way. Miss Leonora Vane was far too shrewd and too kindly a woman to be aught but helpful and sympathetic at such a time. But it was her nature to rule—she could not help making her influence felt wherever she went, and the reins of government fell naturally into her hands as soon as she appeared upon the scene. She was the General's junior by five years only, and had always looked on Sydney and his wife as poor, irresponsible, frivolous young creatures quite incapable of managing their own affairs. A difference of opinion on this point had driven her London, where she had a small but pretty house in Kensington, and was great on committees and boards of management. But real sorrow could not obliterate of her own dignity or comfort from her mind. She hurried down to Beechfield as soon as she knew of her brother's need; and during the weary days and weeks between Sydney's death and Westwood's trial she had been invaluable as a friend, helper, and capable mistress of the disorganized household.

She sat one June morning at the head of the breakfast-table in the dining-room at Beechfield Hall with an unmistakable air of dissatisfaction and perplexi y upon her handsome resolute face. Miss Vane was a woman of fifty, but her black hair showed scarcely a line of silver and her brown eyes were as keen and bright as they had ever been. With her smooth, unwrinkled forehead, her colorless but healthy complexion, and her well-arched, braced figure, she looked ten years younger than her age. Not often was her composure disturbed, but on this occasion irritation and anxiety were both evinced by the knitting of her brows and the occasional twitching of her usually firm lips. She sat behind the coffeeurn, but she had finished her own breakfast long since, and was now occupying her everbusy fingers with some knitting until her brother should appear. But he came very unsteady, and at last, with an exclamation of disgust, she laid down her knitting-pins and crossed the long white fingers closely over one another in her lap.

"Surely Hubert got my telegram!" she murmured to herself. "I wish he would come—oh, how I wish that he would come!"

She moved in her seat so as to be able to see the marble clock on the massive oak mantelpiece. Her hands pointed to the hour of nine. Miss Vane rose and looked out of the window.

"He might have taken the early train from town. If he had, he would be here by this time. But no doubt he thinks it worth while, 'An old woman's fancy!' he said to himself perhaps. Hubert was never very tolerant of other people's fancies, though he has plenty of his own, Heaven knows! Ah, there he comes, thank Heaven! For once he has done what I wished—dear boy!"

Miss Vane's hard countenance softened as she said the words. She sank down into her chair again, crossed her hands once more upon her knees, and assumed the attitude of impenetrable rigidity intended to impress the observer with a sense of her indifference to all mankind. But the newcomer, who entered from the terrace at this moment, was not well used to Miss Vane's ways and manners to be much impressed.

"Good morning, aunt Leo. I have obeyed your orders, you see," he said, as he bent down and touched her forehead lightly with his lips.

He was a young man, not more than one or two and twenty, but his face was marked by much of the freshness and youthfulness of his years. He was of middle height, rather slenderly built, well dressed, well brushed, with the air of high-bred distinction which is never attained save by those to the manner born. His face was singularly handsome, strong, yet refined, with clearly cut features, dark eyes and dark hair, a heavy black mustache, and a grave, almost melancholy expression—altogether a striking face, one not easily to be forgotten or overlooked. As he seated himself quietly at the breakfast-table, and replied to some query of his aunt's respecting the hour of his arrival, it occurred to Miss Vane that he was looking remarkably tired and unwell. The line of his cheek, always somewhat sharp, seemed to have fallen in, there were dark shadows beneath his eyes, and his olive complexion had assumed the slightly livid tints which sometimes mark ill-health. In spite of her preoccupation with other matters, Miss Vane could not repress a comment on his appearance.

"What have you been doing with yourself, Hubert? You look positively ghastly!"

"Do I?" said Hubert, glancing up with a ready smile. "I shouldn't wonder. I was up all last night with some fellows that I know—we made a night of it, aunt Leo—and I have naturally a headache this morning."

"You deserve it then. Surely you might have chosen a more fitting time for a carouse!"

It seemed to her, curiously enough, that he gave a little shiver and drew in his lips beneath his dark mustache. But he answered with his usual indifference of manner.

"It was hardly a carouse. I can't undertake to make a recitue of myself, my dear aunt, in spite of the family troubles."

"Hubert, don't be so heartless!" cried Miss Vane, impetuously; then, checking herself, she pressed her thin lips slightly together and sat silent, with her eyes fixed on the cups before her.

"Am I heartless? Well, I suppose I am," said the young man, with a slight mocking smile in which his eyes seemed to take no part. "I am sorry, but really I can't help it. In the meantime perhaps you will give me a cup of coffee—for I am famishing after my early flight from town. I suppose you got the telegraphed for me in such a hurry last night."

Miss Vane filled his cup with a hand that trembled still. Hubert Legal noticed her unusual agitation and interest. He did not often see his kinswoman display so much agitation. She was not his aunt by any tie of blood—she was a far-away cousin only; but ever since his babyhood he had addressed her by that title.

"I sent for you," she said at last, speaking jerkily and hurriedly, as if the effort were almost more than she could bear—"I sent for you to tell the General what you yourself telegraphed to me last night."

A flush of dull red color stole into the young man's face. He looked at her intently, with a contracted brow.

"Do you mean," he said, after a moment's pause, "that you have not told him yet?"

Miss Vane averted her eyes.

"No, unfortunately. I have not told him. You will think me weak—I suppose I am weak. Hubert—but I dared not tell him."

"And you summoned me from London to break the news! For no other reason?"

Miss Vane nodded.—"That was all."

Hubert bit his lip and sipped his coffee before saying another word.

"Aunt Leo," he said, after a silence during which Miss Vane gave unequivocal signs of nervousness, "I really must say that this proceeding was unnecessary. He leaned back in his chair and toyed with his spoon, a whiteness which Miss Vane was accustomed to interpreting as a sign of strong feeling lied! about his nostrils and his lips. She had long looked upon it as an ominous sign.

"Hubert, don't be angry—don't refuse to help me!" she said, in pleading tones, such as he had never heard from her before. "I assure you that my post in this house is no sinecure. For days I have thought that Mrs. Sydney Vane—"is rapidly sinking into her grave. Ay, you may well start! She has never got over her whole of Sydney's death and the excitement of the last few days seems to have increased her malady. She insisted on having every report of the trial read to her; and every time the decision she had dreaded weaker, until the doctor says that she can hardly outlast the week. Oh, that wicked man should have fallen! Oh, that his answer fully testify to this. It is the most potent tonic, or strength restorer, alterative, or blood-cleanser and nutritive, or flesh-builder, known to medical science. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh in the Head, and all Lingering Coughs, it is an unequaled remedy. In derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels, as Indigestion, or Dyspepsia, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Chronic Diarrhea, and kindred ailments, it is a sovereign remedy.

GUARANTEED. "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only medicine of its class, sold by druggists, under a **printed guarantee**, from the manufacturers, that it will benefit or cure in every case of disease for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

Copyright, 1888, by WORLD'S DIS. MED. ASS'N.

$500 OFFERED by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head.

LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF

DIAMONDS

At 20 per cent. less than any other house in the city. All stones warranted as represented.

GEO. E. TROREY

Manufacturing Jeweler

51 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

SOCIETY REGALIAS

Fancy Ball Costumes

Art Needle Work and Supplies

Together with every description of Fancy-Work Goods, Stamping, etc.

Gold & Silver Fringes Laces, Cords, Tassels, etc.

AT

W. C. MORRISON'S

161 King Street West

PRICE $10

PRICE $10

Wites Easily 35 to 40 Words per minute

Simple, practical, durable typewriter. It never gets out of order. No instruction required. Can be carried in the satchel and used on the car. All professional and business men need it. Call and see it, or write for circular, describing this novel invention. **The Typewriter Improvement Co., Boston, Mass.** Branch Office—7 Adelaide St. East, Toronto. Copying done at three cents per hundred words.

PROF. & MME. HOUSEMAN

(LATE OF WASHINGTON)

Chiropodist and Manicure

228 YONGE STREET

Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Corns, etc., treated painlessly and skilful and superior treatment at moderate charges.

MANTEL FOLDING BEDS

SUITABLE FOR

Small Rooms, Parlors, Dining Rooms and Offices.

OPENED. CLOSED

It may be draped to suit any style of apartment in which it is placed, and made an admirable auxiliary to the furniture. H. P. DAVIES & CO., 22 Church Street.

NEW FICTION

AT

Marvellously Low Prices

"How I Escaped," edited by the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York," 25 cents; "**John Bedwin's Testimony,**" by Mary Hallock Foote, at 20 cents; and "**The Battle of the Swash and the Capture of Canada,**" by Samuel Barton, and under same cover Dr. W. George Beers' celebrated speech at Syracuse, for 25 cents. The above are all from the press of

J. THEO. ROBINSON, Publisher

MONTREAL

Ask for them at your bookstalls.

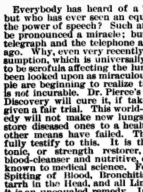
She Made Things Fit.

Mrs. Geeze—You have been misinformed, Amelia; it was not a quarrel, merely a little disagreement. You know married people cannot always agree.

Mrs. Breeze—Can't they? Well, we always agree! In fact, I make it a point to see that we do agree; or rather, that John agrees with me, which amounts to the same thing.

He Was Wise

An editor, who makes weddings a feature in his paper, has recently shown that he is a man of the world and an observant student of human nature by a paragraph he has published. "Fees for marriage notices in this paper," he says, "will be as high as the extent and liberality of the bridegroom may prompt; but we strongly desire that payments shall be made in advance, as otherwise the fee may decrease in proportion to the length of credit allowed."



A HORSE WHO CAN TALK!

Everybody has heard of a "horse laugh," but who has ever seen an equine gifted with the power of speech? Such an animal would be prominent in a minstrel troupe. Yet one of Mrs. Sydney Vane—"is rapidly sinking into her grave. Ay, you may well start! She has never got over whole of Sydney's death and the excitement of the last few days seems to have increased her malady. She insisted on having every report of the trial read to her; and every time the decision she had dreaded weaker, until the doctor says that she can hardly outlast the week. Oh, that wicked man should have fallen! Oh, that his answer fully testify to this. It is the most potent tonic, or strength restorer, alterative, or blood-cleanser and nutritive, or flesh-builder, known to medical science. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh in the Head, and all Lingering Coughs, it is an unequaled remedy. In derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels, as Indigestion, or Dyspepsia, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Chronic Diarrhea, and kindred ailments, it is a sovereign remedy.

Fortifying Herself.

Young Mr. Sissy (who meets his pretty cousin at an evening entertainment)—Oh, Maude, I am so glad to see you, and I want to have a weal long talk. But first mayn't I bwing you an ice, or something?

Pretty Cousin.—No, not an ice, Charley; but you may bring me a little ether, thanks.

A Knotty Problem.

Fond Wife—What are you worrying about this evening?

Husband (a young lawyer)—An important case I have on hand. My client is charged with murder, and I can't make up my mind way out, when a visitor came in and asked him what he was about.

"Oh," says the thief, "I'm taking the gentleman's hats round the corner to get them block-d!"

"Well," replied the visitor, "take my hat, too."

"Certainly, sir!" said the accommodating thief, and vanished.

Prepared for an Emergency.

Nervous Gentleman—Now, be careful how you drive, cabby, and go slowly over the stones, for I hate to be shaken. And mind you pull up at the right house, and look out for those dreadful steam rollers.

Cabby—Never fear, sir, I'll do my best. And which dreadful wrong side you wish to be taken to, sir, in case of an accident?

Hints on Art Silk Needle Work.

Ladies who are interested in this beautiful work should send for a copy of our sixty-four page Book entitled: Hints on art Needle work, just published, handsom ly and profusely illustrated with patterns of many new and beautiful arti cc; also, at ches for th ne new decorative work with our Art Wash Silks now so popular for home fancy work. It also contains a table of sha ding for flowers and birds, a d much information, valuable and instructive, for those who have a taste for Silk Embroidery Work. Sent free by mail on re-eqi i ft's cents in stamps. Belding, Paul & Co., Silk Manufacturers, Montreal.

THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

OUR "FALL HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XV.

Just as Hugh and Stanley, strolling slowly down the graveled alley, reached the door which led into the garden, it swung open from the other side, and a servant appeared, who paused abruptly on seeing them.

"What is it, Danby?" Hugh asked, glancing up carelessly. "Am I wanted?"

"It is a note for Miss Gerant," replied the man. "Miss Cameron thought it was urgent, perhaps, as the pony carriage had been sent from Eyncourt."

"The pony carriage sent for me!" exclaimed Stanley, raising her eyebrows in surprise as she put out her hand for the note. "What can—. Perhaps," she added, flushing as a thought occurred to her, "Sir Humphrey has returned. Yes—this note is from him."

She opened it with eager fingers, walking on by Hugh's side as she did so. It was a short note written in her father's handwriting.

"My dear child," it said—"I am here, having returned by the mail. I shall be glad if you will come home.

And under the initials, as if prompted by an after-thought, were three words—"I am well."

Stanley read the note twice, a puzzled look clouding her face. The message was a strangely abrupt one from the father who was always so tenderly considerate and so courteous.

"My father has come, and wants me to go home," she said, turning to Hugh. "I am afraid he must be tired or not well," she added.

She had given the note to Hugh, who was reading it with as much bewilderment as she herself had shown.

"He says he is well, dear," remarked Hugh, as he gave it back to her. "I dare say Eyncourt seemed very empty when he returned and found no little daughter to welcome him. Well, our pleasant day is ended"—with a sigh. "I'm afraid have made tea, dearest, and then I will drive you home."

The girl's face wore a troubled look, although she endeavored to smile at him.

"I hope there is nothing wrong," she remarked anxiously. "He said he would not return until Monday; and he seemed tolerably and depressed when we parted at Dulham. It is very unlike him to return so unexpectedly."

"He says he is well," Hugh repeated reassuringly; but the color did not come back to the girl's face, and the sweet eyes which a few minutes before had been so serene and smiling looked troubled.

Mr. Cameron came to meet them as they hastened across the lawn. Lady Sara was not visible; but Miss Cameron was standing on the terrace, beside a gentleman who wore a loose silky overcoat and who looked as if he had been traveling.

"Francis Ashton has arrived," Mr. Cameron remarked, as he came up to the young people. "He traveled down with Sir Humphrey, Stanley."

"My father has sent for me," the girl said, in an anxious tone. "Mr. Ashton will be able to tell me perhaps how he is."

"Stanley is anxious lest Sir Humphrey should not be well," observed Hugh to his father. "I think he may be tired perhaps—otherwise he would have come on here."

"I dare say he is tired," Mr. Cameron replied, smiling reassuringly at Stanley. "He could have reached London only late last night; and the Sunday train is a terribly slow one, stopping at all the little stations on the way. Its small's pace seems to have disturbed even Francis Ashton's equanimity," he added laughingly—"and it takes a very great deal to do that."

As they went up the white stone steps Mr. Ashton came forward and greeted Stanley with his usual grave courtesy. The girl had met him once or twice since she had been engaged to his cousin, and it seemed to her now that there was some slight change in his manner—a change so slight, but yet perceptible. He appeared constrained, and his eyes, having met hers for a brief moment as he greeted her, wandered from her face, and he did not meet her glance again during the few minutes which elapsed before she left. He also spoke little and looked fatigued.

"I traveled down with Sir Humphrey, Miss Gerant," he remarked, as he walked by Stanley's side over the soft yielding turf towards Miss Cameron, who was standing by the tea table. "The journey appeared as tedious to him as it was to me. You did not expect him to day, Miss Cameron tells me."

"No; I thought he would not have returned until to-morrow," she answered. "I hope he is not ill?"

"He appears quite well," the lawyer rejoined calmly, "but tired, as I have said."

Tea was ready on the wicker table; and Nest greeted them with her sweet grave smile.

"I was hoping to have a delightful musical evening," she said regretfully; "but Sir Humphrey has prevented that."

Stanley smiled also, but it was with some difficulty. She would not sit down, but drank her tea standing by the table. Only a short time before she had been very happy; now she was full of apprehension and uneasiness. She did not know what she feared; yet she could not overcome her uneasiness. Something had surely happened to distress her father. If he was not ill, what could it be? she was wondering, as she stood with the old Crown Derby cup in her hand, a graceful figure in her pretty gray gown with the little lace kerchief knotted loosely about her throat.

Miss Cameron accompanied her into the house when she went to put on her bonnet, leaving the three gentlemen on the terrace. The sunshine, which had been so bright in the earlier part of the day, was fading now, and the wind, which had been so soft, was freshening.

"There was nothing the matter with Sir Humphrey, I hope?" said Hugh, turning to his cousin. "Did he look ill, Frank?"

"No; I don't think he was ill," the lawyer replied slowly. "He seemed very depressed, and looked rather haggard. I fancy his trouble is mental not physical. I am very sorry to hear," he added, turning to Mr. Cameron with a rather abrupt change of manner, "that Lady Sara has not been so well."

"I am afraid Lady Sara's health will always be more or less a subject of uneasiness," Mr. Cameron replied coldly. "You will see her at dinner, I hope. You wished to speak to me on business?" he added questioningly. "Shall we have our talk now, or defer it until after dinner?"

Francis Ashton hesitated for a moment, then said:

"If you will allow me, I should prefer deferring it until after dinner. The journey has fatigued me; and, to add to my discomfort, an almost sleepless night has left my head in a state of confusion which I can scarcely account for. Therefore, if I may trespass on your time this evening, I shall be glad if you will give me half an hour then."

"I am at your service," Mr. Cameron answered quietly. "I am sorry you should have found it necessary to sacrifice your Sunday, and I am proportionately grateful. You will drive Stanley home of course, Hugh?" he added, turning to his son, who stood pulling his mustache, and who had evidently been too preoccupied to heed the conversation which had been going on beside him; for he started slightly when his father addressed him.

"Oh, yes," he answered absently—"of course!"

Mr. Ashton looked quickly at the young man, and seemed about to speak, but, appearing to think better of it, relapsed into silence and resumed his usual calm manner.

Meanwhile Stanley and Miss Cameron had entered the hall, where a maid was waiting with Stanley's bonnet and gloves.

"Her ladyship will be down directly, ma'am," she said, as Stanley took them from her.

"Oh, then you will see her before you go!" cried Nest cheerfully.

As Stanley was tying the soft gray silk strings under her chin, Lady Sara appeared at the head of the staircase and came down slowly. She had discarded for the time her semi-invalid style of toilette; but nothing could conceal the ravages which the suffering of the past few days had made in her face. She was very pale, and there were dark circles about her eyes and haggard lines about her mouth and upon her forehead. Her dress was of rich black silk trimmed with lace; she wore diamonds in her ears, and the black laces at her throat were caught together by a cluster of diamond stars. Nest glanced at her with some show of surprise; she had not expected so elaborate a toilette, and she sighed as she thought that its object was a vain endeavor to hide her haggard looks.

"You are going out with Hugh, I suppose, Stanley!" she said, smiling as the girl stepped forward to meet her, and pausing upon the last step but one to look down at the stately young beauty. "I am very sorry, dear, that I have not been able to come down until now."

"I was afraid I should have to go without seeing you," the girl returned, gently. "I am grieved, dear Lady Sara, to see that you are still so far from strong!"

"To go without seeing me!" echoed her ladyship, in a tone of surprise. "You are not leaving now, Stanley? You wrote that you were going to give us the pleasure of your company all day, as you were alone at Eyncourt."

"That was certainly my intention this morning," said Stanley, smiling; "but my father has just arrived home, and has sent for me. I did not expect him until to-morrow evening."

"Sir Humphrey has come home unexpectedly!" exclaimed Lady Sara. "To-day?"

"Yes—to-day. But he hates London, you know, and never stays longer than he can possibly help. I was rather afraid that he was ill, as he seemed troubled, almost worried, when he went away; but Mr. Ashton, who traveled down with him, says that he is quite well."

"Mr. Ashton!" Lady Sara repeated, in some amazement.

"Frank has arrived, dear," Miss Cameron interposed. "He wanted to see Philip on business; and they are both so terribly busy that he came to-day, knowing Philip was here."

"How—how strange!" Lady Sara remarked, in a rather faltering voice. "There is nothing wrong, I hope, Nest?"

"I hope not," Nest answered tranquilly—"I think not also; for Frank said nothing about any mishap."

"Ah!" sighed Lady Sara rather slowly, holding Stanley's hand in hers. She was not looking at either Nest or the girl; her eyes were downcast, and there was a deathly pallor on her face.

"You must not stand, dear Lady Sara!" said Stanley gently. "You will tire yourself! It is so pleasant on the terrace that the fresh air will do you good."

But Lady Sara did not move; she raised her eyelids and glanced at the girl.

"Must you go?" she asked, in a low tone. "Will not Sir Humphrey join you here and dine with us?"

"Thank you; but I am afraid my father is very tired," Stanley answered. "His note, strange to say, is a little peremptory," she added, with a little laugh.

"Peremptory!" echoed Lady Sara quickly. "It does he write angrily, as if—as if he did not wish you to be here!"

Her frail hot fingers had closed over Stanley's in an almost painful grasp; she fixed her eyes upon the girl's face with a searching gaze.

"Dear Lady Sara, no! How could that be?" queried Stanley, astonished. "He knows that, except Eyncourt, there is no place where I am so happy as here."

"And your happiness is the dearest thing in the world to him!" said Lady Sara. "Is that so, Stanley? Would he sacrifice it to any fancy of his own—to a prejudice, as some fathers have sacrificed their daughters? Would he, do you think?"

She spoke in a strange nervous excited manner which surprised Stanley; her eyes were fixed upon the girl's face with a look of intense, almost breathless eagerness.

"I do not understand," the girl replied gently. "Dear Lady Sara, I am sure that my happiness is the dearest thing in the world to my father—as his is to me."

"His is to you," Lady Sara murmured, drawing back slightly. "His happiness dearer than Hugh's, then?" she asked, with a strange forced smile.

"Not dearer, but as dear," Stanley answered quietly, wondering more and more at Lady Sara's strange manner.

"As dear," she repeated slowly. "Ah!"

She stepped down into the hall, the soft sombre folds of silk and lace sweeping softly around her. Stanley stood still at the foot of the stair-case, feeling somewhat embarrassed. Through the open hall door the pony carriage was visible, the ponies champing their bits impatiently and pawing the gravel, the old groom in the Gerant livery standing at their heads.

Midway across the hall Lady Sara turned and said calmly to her:

"You were just going, you said; I must not detain you. Sir Humphrey's claims are paramount, of course."

Her voice and manner were almost arrogant. Stanley flushed slightly and made no reply. Miss Cameron took the girl's hand gently, and gave it a kindly pressure, smiling deprecatingly as she did so. Stanley returned the smile; but the angry flush burned in her cheeks—she was not used to such a tone and manner.

At that moment Hugh entered the hall, and, uttering an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, advanced towards his mother.

"You are better, dear!" he said, as he took her hands in his. "I was afraid Stanley would have to go home without seeing you."

"I came down just in time to prevent such a catastrophe," Lady Sara answered, with a smile which was painfully forced. "Sir Humphrey's return seems to have been quite unexpected."

"Yes; Stanley thought he would not be home until to-morrow. You are ready!" he added, turning to his fiance. "I hope you have not been waiting!"

"Oh, no!" Stanley answered quietly. "But if you are ready, we will go now." She moved across the hall to where Lady Sara stood. "I will say good-bye now," she said. "You will excuse such an unceremonious departure, Lady Sara!"

"Certainly!" answered her ladyship, putting out her hand in calm and courteous farewell.

For a moment Stanley hesitated; then she bent forward and touched the clay-cold pallid cheek with her sweet lips.

"Good-bye," she said gently, as she turned away; and as she went out Lady Sara's eyes followed her with a look so full of anguish, of yearning and appeal, that it would have startled Stanley as much as it would have amazed her had she seen it.

Miss Cameron went with them to the pony-carriage, parting with Stanley with a long tender kiss and fond pressure of the hand. Mr. Cameron and Francis Ashton were standing on the drive waiting to say good by. Hugh's father kissed the girl's white brow, which was clouded by a puzzled frown; the lawyer touched her hand with the same apparent reluctance to meet her glance, which the girl did not notice in her preoccupation; and the two men stood watching the pony carriage until it disappeared behind a bend of the drive.

"We may as well get our business over before dinner, Frank," Mr. Cameron said quietly. "You will enjoy the meal all the more if you set your mind at ease first. Come into my study, will you?"

"As you will, the lawyer answered quietly, shrugging his shoulders.

They went into the house together, leaving Nest standing upon the steps, the setting sun shining full on her face, which was darkened by an anxious expression unusual to her.

CHAPTER XVI.

When, a few minutes later, Miss Cameron turned away from the glow of the setting sun and re-entered the hall, Lady Sara was still standing where they had left her. Nest, hurrying towards her over the polished floor, was conscious of feeling that strange sensation at her heart which the French call *serrement de cœur*.

"They are gone," she said, cheerfully. "I am so sorry Stanley could not stay! I was hoping for some music this evening. Did you see Francis Ashton? Oh, but of course you did! What a stupid question! He came in with Philip."

"They passed through here," replied Lady Sara, in a hoarse tone. "They did not see me; they were talking."

She raised herself wearily from her drooping attitude as she spoke; but she kept her hand upon the cabinet by which she stood, as though she needed its support.

"You are not feeling so well," said Miss Cameron kindly. "I think you were scarcely equal to the effort of coming down."

"Oh, yes; I am strong enough!" she answered, although her languid movements seemed to falsify the assertion.

"Come to your dinner-time," urged Nest, in a quiet matter-of-fact tone, as she led the way to Lady Sara's sitting-room—which was on the left side of the hall, while Mr. Cameron's study was on the right.

The room faced west, and the light of the setting sun streamed in at the French windows, which were open. On the side table stood the servants were removing the tea table, talking in subdued tones as they gathered up the cups and saucers.

Lady Sara walked slowly up the room, which was long and somewhat narrow, hung with delicately-tinted chintz, bright, home-like, and pretty. Over the mantelpiece, which was of carved wood, hung a spirited likeness of Hugh in his early manhood, tall and erect, with the smile in the eyes and lips which his mother's, but which was sometimes lacking now. They seemed to meet his mother's glance as she paused suddenly and put both her hands to her heart.

"Nest," she said, in a half-choking voice, like that of a woman in deadly pain—"oh, Nest, come to me!"

At the sound of the hollow gasping tones, Miss Cameron, who had gone to one of the French windows to close it, turned hastily, and hurried to her sister-in-law's side. Lady Sara leaned towards her with a face which bore a look of such agony that Nest Cameron grew pale.

"You are ill!" she said tenderly and anxiously, putting her arm about the slight figure. "You ought not to have come down, Sara."

Lady Sara's head sank upon Nest's kind shoulder, and she moaned faintly—

"Nest, comfort me! My heart is breaking," she sobbed—"my heart is breaking! My burden is too heavy to bear!"

It was a cry which night indeed have come from a breaking heart; and the words of comfort died on Nest's lips. She made Lady Sara sit down upon a low chair which stood near, and knelt beside her, keeping her arms around the trembling creature, who, tearless as she was, seemed shaken by an agony too great for her feeble strength.

"Oh, we poor sin more severely punished than mine?" she murmured brokenly. "When will this long suffering end? Nest"—she raised her head from Miss Cameron's shoulder and let herself fall against the back of the chair—"why did you not let me die years ago, when death was the only reparation I could have made?" Her head drooped forward upon her bosom; she seemed convulsed with anguish.

"There was a truer and nobler reparation than that," replied Nest, in her sweet earnest voice, which was not quite steady just now. "It is so easy to die, Sara, and so difficult to live—and the dead cannot make atonement; but the living can. You were not to die because you had your husband."

Lady Sara started wildly.

"My husband!" she echoed, in a low, bitter, mocking tone.

"Your husband," Nest repeated more steadily and earnestly still, as she put one of her small hands upon Lady Sara's trembling fingers—"your husband and your son—your husband, who has never for a moment loved you but devotedly than he did when he loved you first—your husband, whose life would have been darkened irretrievably by your death."

"His life has been darkened irretrievably by my sin!" moaned the suffering woman.

"It has been clouded, truly, but not darkened. The life you have lived side by side has not been an unhappy one to either of you, Sara, since it has been brightened by the only lasting sunshine—that of perfect and mutual love. Your sin—if sin it was—was involuntary, and——"

"Not involuntary, since I deceived him!" Lady Sara whispered, her head still bent, her hands writhing under the influence of Nest's kind restraining fingers.

"He forgave the deception fully, dear; and, in return for his pardon, given so fully, so ungrudgingly in his great love for you, can you deny that he deserves to keep the wife he loves? And there is Hugh—"

Nest paused abruptly in alarm; the name of her son seemed to intensify Lady Sara's anguish; she sobbed bitterly, one moment clinging to Nest, the next shrinking from her.

"Hugh," she cried wildly, "my son, whom I have so cruelly wronged! Oh, Nest, oh, Nest, do you not see that it is the thought of him which makes my life what it is? The fearful dread is killing me! In the night I wake shaking with terror at the thought of it. If he should know—if he should know! Oh, Heaven, if he should ever know what I have made him!—his mother! The first look of contempt and hatred from his eyes will kill me!"

"But he will not know," answered Nest gently, her eyes full of sadness now, her heart faint at sight of the anguish-stricken woman. "All these years have passed, dear Sara, and it is not likely now that any suspicion should be aroused when——"

"And yet, if that be so, why should I be so continually haunted during these last days with the fear of it?" the unhappy woman cried, falling back upon the cushions with a gesture of despair. "For many long years I was almost happy—all anxiety, all fear was lulled to rest. Then Hugh's engagement made me tremble again and brought back this unrest."

"There is no reason for it, dear," declared Nest gently.

"And then the Baronetcy! Oh, Heaven, what have I cost him—the husband who loves me, and whom I love! Oh, Nest, could my death have darkened his life more than my life has done? You, faithful as you are, my truest friend after him, can you say that it would not have been better for me to die—and, when you say so, speak the truth?"

"I can say it truly," Miss Cameron answered steadily. "I think—nay, I am sure—that, if our lives could be spent over again, Sara, we would bear the suffering to have known and loved you!"

"And Hugh!" Lady Sara went on wildly. "If he ever knows—think of his pain, his suffering, his shame! Oh, Nest, there is no thought more bitter than this one—there can be none—that those whom you love owe their shame, their degradation to you!"

"No shame can touch Hugh," said Miss Cameron proudly.

"No shame! No shame! Nest, do you know what I fear?" She seemed to be gathering up all her strength as she went on. "I think that Sir Humphrey has heard or suspects; it is so strange that—— Oh, Nest, comfort me—help me now! What shall I do if I have broken my son's heart? For he loves her!" She fell back, her face full of agony, her voice breaking; her excitement was fading into the exhaustion inevitable after such intense emotion.

"And she loves him," said Nest softly—"and Stanley is a faithful woman, and proud and tender. Think, Sara, how deeply Philip loves you! A woman's love is at least as true and steadfast and self-sacrificing as a man's! She loves him. If the storm comes, she will not fail him. Philip did not fail you."

"And you never fail me," murmured Lady Sara almost inaudibly, comforted by Nest's brave and cheerful words, "my faithful Nest!"

She was utterly exhausted now, and, but for Miss Cameron's support, she would have fallen from her chair; she lay in her arms like one dead, save that she was acutely conscious, and that no blissful, even if momentary, forgetfulness was vouchsafed to her. After a little while she recovered sufficiently to enable Nest to leave her for a few moments to go in search of a restorative, having first installed her in a deep arm chair, in which she rested with nerveless hands and colorless lips.

As Miss Cameron closed the door after her, that of her brother's study, on the opposite side of the hall, opened, and he himself came out, looking pale and haggard and stupefied, like a man who had received a blow. Nest sprang to his side, leaving merely at him for a moment before she could speak.

"Sir Humphrey knows!" she breathed rather than uttered.

Philip Cameron looked at her blankly.

"Yes—Sir Humphrey knows!" he said.

(To be Continued.)

Good morning

HAVE YOU USED PEARS' SOAP?

JOHN FLETCHER
IRON AND STEEL WORK
ROOFS, GIRDERS, BEAMS, STAIRS, COLUMNS
AND ALL KINDS OF IRON WORK FOR BUILDING PURPOSES.
Office: 530 Yonge Street, Toronto
BARRETT & CO.
Real Estate and Commercial Exchange
TELEPHONE 897
18 Yonge St. Arcade Toronto, Ont.

ALASKA CREAM
FOR CHAPPED HANDS, FACE, LIPS, AND ALL ROUGHNESS of the SKIN.
25 CENTS TO BE HAD OF ALL DRUGGISTS 25 CENTS

I X L STEAM LAUNDRY
42 Richmond Street West
GENTS' WASHING OUR SPECIALTY
Delivery to all parts of the city.

SOLID GOLD PLATED.
To introduce our Watches, Jewelry, &c., &c., for 60 days we will send this fine, heavy gold-plated Ring to any address on receipt of 32 cents in postage stamps, and will also send free our mammoth Catalogue of Watches, Jewelry, &c., with special terms and inducements to agents. This Ring is a very fine quality, warranted to wear for years, and is equal to solid gold. Remember, 32 cents for 60 days to introduce our goods. Order immediately, and get a 25-CG Ring for 32 cents. CANADIAN WATCH AND JEWELRY CO., 57 & 59 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont.

PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCTIONS OF CELEBRATED PAINTINGS
Both ancient and modern, in different sizes, by the
SOULE PHOTO. CO. OF BOSTON
OFFICE FOR CANADA:
36 King Street East - - Toronto
Catalogue of subjects 25c. Call and see samples.

The Crown Perfumery Co's
CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS
EXTRA CONCENTRATED
"A delicate perfume of highest quality; one of the most exquisite ever produced."—Court Journal.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
177 NEW BOND ST. LONDON.

PROF. DAVIDSON
Now at 71 Yonge Street
or
November 1
WILL REMOVE TO
Room 3, Arcade, Yonge St.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

A Word to the Wise.

Every winter and spring Inflammation of the Lungs, induced by neglected Colds and Coughs, causes the death of thousands who might have been saved by the timely use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. "I was afflicted with a severe Cough, which deprived me of my regular sleep. After trying various remedies, without benefit, I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and used it according to directions. I am happy to say that this medicine cured me.—Robert Holliway, Linn, Mo.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, for several years, in my family, for the cure of severe Colds and Coughs, and have always found it a speedy and effectual remedy for these ailments.—Samuel Bennett, Principal Bartlett School, Lowell, Mass.

I cannot say too much in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have used it in my family many years, and always with perfect satisfaction. It never fails.—Mrs. R. F. McKeon, New Gretna, N. J.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my practice since 1853, and have always found it reliable for the cure of Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases. —S. Haynes, M. D., Saranac, N. Y.

I am never without Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It cures severe cases of Colds and Coughs more speedily than any other remedy known.—E. Allen, Kingston, O.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the best remedy I know of for diseases of the Throat and Lungs. It cured me of incipient Consumption, forty years ago.—S. R. Lawrence, Schuylerville, N. Y.

About three years ago, as the result of a bad Cold, I had a Cough, for which I could obtain no help until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. One bottle of this medicine effected a complete cure. —John Tooley, Ironton, Mich.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and received great benefit from it. I consider it an excellent medicine for the diseases it is designed to cure.—Rufus A. Tremain, Guysborough, N. H.

One bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life. It cured me of acute Bronchitis when other remedies failed.—George B. Hunter, Altoona, Pa.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

St. Charles Restaurant
LUNCHEON AND DINING ROOMS
70 YONGE STREET
Next door to Dominion Bank
Lunch Counter for Gentlemen on the ground floor. First Class Bar in Canada. Choice Stock of Liquors and Cigars
HEASLIP & PIERCE
Proprietors

THE CHAS. ROGERS & SONS CO. LIMITED
LATE OF R. HAY & CO.
95 and 97 Yonge Street
NEW DESIGNS IN FINE FURNITURE
Buy of the Manufacturer and Save Money

PATENTS
Caveats and *Re-issues* secured, *Trade-Marks* registered, and all other patent cases attended to. Patent Office and the Courts promptly and carefully prosecuted.
On receipt of model or sketch of invention I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability free of charge.
With my offices *directly across from the Patent Office*, and being in personal attendance there, it is apparent that I have superior facilities for making prompt preliminary searches, for the more vigorous and successful prosecution of applications for patent, and for attending to all business entrusted to my care, in the shortest possible time.
FEES MODERATE, and *exclusive attention given to patent business*. Information, advice and special references sent on request.
R. J. LITTELL,
Solicitor and Attorney in Patent Causes,
Washington, D. C.,
(Mention this Paper.) Opposite the U. S. Patent Office.

Marsland & Kennedy

313 KING ST. WEST

FAMILY GROCERS

Orders called for at residences if so desired.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

The Old and Popular Rail Route to

MONTREAL, DETROIT, CHICAGO

And all Principal Points in

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

It is positively the only line from Toronto running the celebrated Pullman's Palace Sleeping, Buffet and Parlor Cars, electric lighted. Speed, safety, civility.

For fares, time tables, tickets and reliable information apply at the city ticket office.

F. J. SLATTER, City Passenger Agent,

Corner King and Yonge streets and 20 York street, Toronto.

Telephone Nos. 434 and 435.

The Cunard S.S. Line

is patronized by Toronto's

BEST SOCIETY

Noted for Safety, Elegance and Speed

A. F. WEBSTER

Sole Agent 56 Yonge St

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.

MUSIC DEALERS

158 Yonge St, Toronto

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

"IMPERIAL" CORNETS

The best in the world, as used by MESSRS. CLARKE and BAUGH Canada's greatest cornet soloist and endorsed by JULES LEVY.

Everything in the music line and at the right prices. All the latest publications in stock. Publishers o the *Canadian Musician*.

FRANK L. SANAGAN & CO.

THE NOBBY TAILORS

241 YONGE STREET

HIGH CLASS PORTRAITS

IN

Oils, Water Color and Crayon

WEST END ART STUDIO

375½ Spadina Avenue, Toronto

Mrs. A. S. Davies, Miss M. E. Bryan, Artistes

Opal and Ivorine Portraits a Specialty

Instructions given in portraits and decorative art on satin and glass. For specimens, terms, etc., call at above address.

J. W. L. FORSTER PORTRAITS ART

Studio - 81 King St. East

McCAUSLAND & SON'S

WALL PAPER

IMPORTATIONS

ARE UNEXCELLED FOR VARIETY AND BEAUTY OF DESIGN. ALL GRADES AND PRICES

76 KING STREET WEST

TORONTO

Trunks and Valises

SATCHELS and PURSES

Best Goods. Lowest Prices

C. C. POMEROY

49 King Street West TORONTO

55 CENTS

The small purchase amounting to 55c.—fifty-five cents, for which a numbered receipt or voucher is given, may win the prize of the watch worth one thousand dollars—$1000. Americans as well as Canadians will please note the fact. This said watch is the finest in America as a mechanical work of art. Send for circulars.

RUSSELL'S

9 King Street West, Toronto

CANDY

BY MAIL AND EXPRESS

IN

2 lb., 4 lb. and 5 lb. Boxes

FROM 25c. TO 50c. PER LB.

These are all hand-made goods and fresh every day.

HARRY WEBB, 477 Yonge St.

TORONTO

JAS. COX & SON

83 Yonge Street

PASTRY COOKS AND CONFECTIONERS

Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors

BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.

Gold Medalist Dyers and Cleaners

We make a specialty of the finer grades of work, such as Silks, Velvets, Plushes, Damask, Rep or Brocatelle Curtains, Table Covers, &c. Ladies' and Gent's wearing apparel cleaned by our new chemical process, which prevents shrinking.

99 King Street East.

BRANCHES—515 Queen Street West, 356 and 750 Queen Street East, 457 Parliament Street, and 532 Yonge Street.

TELEPHONE, 1900.

Parcels sent for and delivered to all parts of the city.

F. W. MICKLETHWAITE

PHOTOGRAPHER

Out-door Views, Photo Engraving, Photographing on Zinc, Commercial Photography, Life-Size Gelatino-Bromide Enlargements, Photographing on Wood by Meadows' Process.

40 Jarvis Street, Toronto

J. FRASER BRYCE

PHOTOGRAPHER

107 King St. West - TORONTO

SUNBEAMS

ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer

116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide Street West

Photographs of all sizes.

Sunbeams $1 per doz.

MEDLAND & JONES

Agents Scottish Union, Norwich Union, Accident Insurance.

Office—Mail Building, Toronto. Telephone 1067

JOHN P. MILL

SELLS THE

BEST $5 SILVER WATCH IN THE CITY

445½ Yonge Street, opp. College Ave., Toronto.

THE "JEWEL" RESTAURANT

Jordan Street

This favorite restaurant of Toronto's business men has recently been enlarged and refitted throughout.

Reading and smoking rooms.

HENRY MORGAN - - Proprietor

- M. McCONNELL -

46 and 48 King Street East.

Commendador Port Wine in cases and bulk. Family trade a specialty. Agent for the celebrated Moet and Chandon "White Seal," George Gourlet and other leading brands of Champagne. Over half a million imported cigars always in stock. Trade supplied at bottom prices.

FOR OYSTERS SERVED IN TRUE VIRGINIA STYLE

CALL AT

JAKE'S VIRGINIA RESTAURANT

DOORS NEVER CLOSED

Grand Opera House Building. Tel. 2060

Grand Opera Sample Room

The choicest lines of WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS. FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT in connection.

D. SMALL, Proprietor.

DON'T TAKE UP YOUR CARPETS

We have removed to 509½ Yonge Street, to more commodious premises, where we are prepared to fill all orders for cleaning carpets without taking them up. We also take up and relay carpets where it is necessary. Toronto Carpet and Plush Rem. Co.

F. H. SEFTON

DENTIST

172 Yonge Street, next door to R. Simpson's Dry Goods Store

OFFICE HOURS—8 A.M. TO 9 P.M

SOMETHING NEW IN DENTISTRY

Dr. Land's Porcelain Fillings, Crowns and Sections. Also Continuous Gum Sets. All operations known to modern dentistry practiced.

CHAS. P. LENNOX

Yonge Street Arcade - - Room B

Telephone 1846

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

Best teeth on Rubber, $8.00. Vitalized air for painless extraction. Telephone 1476

C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge

C. V. SNELGROVE

Dental Surgeon, 97 Carlton St., Toronto

New Process—Porcelain Fillings and Porcelain Crowns a specialty.

Telephone 3031

DR. McLAUGHLIN

DENTIST

Corner College and Yonge Streets

Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth.

ED. E. FARRINGER

TEACHER OF

Piano, Violin, Cornet & Orchestral Instruments

will accept engagements as Cornet Soloist for Concerts and Entertainments. Apply to or address

58 Homewood Avenue

H. M. FIELD

FROM LEIPZIG AND FRANKFORT

Piano Virtuoso

105 Gloucester Street & Toronto College of Music

Will accept engagements for Concerts, and will also take Pupils in Piano Theory and Instrumentation.

H. GUEST COLLINS

Organist and Choirmaster St. Philip's Church, Choirmaster St. Matthew's Church, Instructor of Music at Knox College, &c,

Organ, Piano, Voice and Theory

21 Carlton Street

MR. E. W. SCHUCH

Choirmaster Church of the Redeemer, Conductor University Glee Club, has resumed instruction in

Voice Culture and Expression in Singing

At his residence,

3 Avenue Street (College Avenue).

HARMONY BY CORRESPONDENCE

To accommodate those living at a distance

Mr. THOS. SINGLETON, Fort Hope, Ont., Will give lessons in harmony as above and prepare candidates for examinations in Music at Trinity College and the Toronto Conservatory of Music. All Mr. Singleton's pupils who have taken the Trinity examinations have been successful. Reference—Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, Mus. Bac. and A.C.O. (Eng.), Toronto.

HENRI DE BESSE

Formerly Professor at New York Conservatories o Music, will receive pupils for

Violin or Pianoforte

Paris and Stuttgart Conservatory Method

129 Bloor Street East

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON

Organist and Choirmaster of St. Simon's Church and Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.

Organ, Piano and Harmony

94 Gloucester Street

A. S. VOGT (LATE OF THE ROYAL Conservatoire, Leipsig, Germany) Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto, teacher of

Piano, Organ and Musical Theory

at the Toronto College of Music

Residence 305 Jarvis Street

SIGNOR ED. RUBINI

Late principal Professor of Singing at the London Academy of Music, London, Eng., also for some years Maestro al Piano at the Italian Opera, Paris, France. Pupils prepared for the concert and lyric stage. For terms and particulars apply to A. & S. NORDHEIMER, King Street, or SIGNOR RUBINI,

105 Gerrard Street, Toronto.

ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC

150 Carlton St., opp. the Horticultural Gardens Toronto

This is a Private School, patronized by the best families in the city.

CHARLES FARRINGER

who has had charge of the school for

The Past Five Years

is a German, educated in his native country, and has had

Thirty Years of Experience

as a Teacher of Music in the U. S. A. and Canada.

Thorough instruction in every branch of music from the lowest to the highest grade. For terms, etc., address—

CHARLES FARRINGER, 150 Carlton St.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC

Thorough Instruction in All Branches

F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director

TORONTO Incorporated 1886 HON. C. W. ALLAN, President.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

OVER 1,000 PUPILS LAST TWO YEARS.

All branches taught: Instrumental and Vocal Music, Oratorio and Church Music, Elocution, Languages, etc. SCHOLARSHIPS, CERTIFICATES and DIPLOMAS granted. FREE Theory and Violin Classes. FREE concerts, recitals and lectures. Organ students can practice and have lessons on magnificent new instrument, built especially for Conservatory. Pupils may enter at any time. Send for new 88-page Calendar.

Address EDWARD FISHER, Music Director, Cor. Yonge Street and Wilton Avenue.

BRITISH AMERICAN ARCADE, YONGE ST TORONTO.

Business College

The oldest and most reliable of its kind in the Dominion. All subjects pertaining to a business education thoroughly taught by able and experienced teachers.

C. O'DEA, Secretary.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL

FOR JUNIOR BOYS

137 and 139 Simcoe Street, Toronto. Established 1865.

W. MAGILL - - - Principal.

The attention of parents and guardians is respectfully directed to the fact that a comfortable home with home training is given to some six or eight pupil boarders (under 12 year-) Application to be made to the Principal.

BUSINESS EDUCATION

The Canadian Business University and Shorthand Institute will reopen on

Monday, September 2, 1889

Write or call for circular. We guarantee satisfaction in every department.

Nearly Four Hundred Pupils Last Year

Address—

Canadian Business University,

Public Library Buildings, Toronto, Ont.

THOS. BENGOUGH, President. CHAS. H. BROOKS, Sec. and Manager.

PROF. DE LIMA, THE ACCOMPLISHED performer on the Guitar and Mandolin is forming an orchestral class of ladies for those situated to begin on afternoon of November 1, also a class for gentlemen to begin in evening of same day. These classes are for beginners only, and will meet in room over Claxton's Music Store, Yonge Street store. Private lessons also given on the Guitar, Mandolin, Violin, Piccolo and Flute. For particulars apply at Claxton's Music Stores, 197 Yonge Street or 63 King Street West.

THOMAS MOFFATT

FINE ORDERED BOOTS AND SHOES

A good fit guaranteed, prices moderate, strictly first-class

195 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

THIRD DOOR NORTH OF ALBERT HALL.

GRANDFATHER'S WATCH.

FRESH ARRIVALS

Every day brings nice new

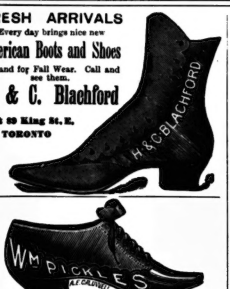
American Boots and Shoes

To hand for Fall Wear. Call and see them.

H. & C. Blachford

87 & 89 King St. E.

TORONTO



WE INVITE YOU TO INSPECT OUR stock of Boots and Shoes for fall wear, consisting of the best American and Canadian makes. 328 Yonge St.

THE OLD RELIABLE GOLDEN BOOT

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S

FINE SHOES

Our Ladies' $3.00 Button Boot, Dongola Kid, is unsurpassed. Ladies' Walking Shoes—$3 lish, Cheap, Good. Gentlemen's Sporting Shoes—all kinds

WM. WEST & CO., 246 Yonge Street

The Home Savings & Loan Co. Ltd.

OFFICE: 72 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO

$500,000 to loan on Mortgage—small and large sums. Reasonable rates of interest and terms of repayment. No valuation fee charged.

HON. FRANK SMITH, President JAMES MASON, Manager.

MISSES PATON & GOULD

Fashionable Dressmakers

Having returned from New York will be pleased to wait on ladies.

Rooms in R. Walker & Son's

FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM

63 King St. West (Opp. *Mail* Office, first floor)

We will be prepared on and after the 23rd inst. to show our Fall and Winter importations in Trimmed and Untrimmed Millinery. Customers can be assured of procuring the greatest variety in these lines. MRS. A. BLACK, Mgr. (Formerly of No. 1 Rossin House Block).

MISS PLUMMER

MODISTE

57 GLOUCESTER STREET

THE MAGIC SCALE

Best system of cutting ladies' and children's garments.

HALL'S BAZAAR DRESS FORMS

For draping dresses. Adjustable to any measure.

MISS CHUBB, 426 1-2 Yonge St

CANADIAN SECRET SERVICE

Under Government Patronage. Head Offices, Temple Building, Montreal.

Legitimate detective work done at reasonable rates and performed in an honorable manner. Nothing done that in any way interferes with the marital relations.

JOHN A. GROSE, Manager.

Box 1909, Montreal

LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY

Examinations, Ora or Written.

MRS. MENDON, 238 McCaul Street.

R. G. TROTTER

Surgeon Dentist

14 Carlton St. - - Toronto

Office hours—9 a.m. to 5 p.m., 7 to 10 p.m.

MUSIC

We beg to say that we are in a position to supply all the

Latest and Most Popular Music

AT FROM

25 to 50 Per Cent. Less

than publishers' regular prices.

F. W. NYE & CO.

THE ROSSIN HOUSE NEWS DEPOT

187 King St. West

The Prior Advertising Agency

(Limited)

Newspaper and Magazine Advertising

120 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

Cor. Adelaide St., up-stairs.

Advertisements written, appropriately displayed, and proofs furnished with estimates, without charge on application.

The entire details of advertising undertaken, and newspapers kept on file for the inspection of advertisers.

Advertisements inserted in any newspaper on the American Continent at publishers' lowest rates.

Correspondence solicited.

THE ASSOCIATED ARTISTS'

SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN

ROOMS M AND N YONGE ST. ARCADE

Will Re-open September 16

Classes in Antique, Painting, Life, &c.

H. SLIGHT,

FLORIST, 407 YONGE STREET

The very Finest Roses and Decorative Plants. Importer of Exotic Palms, Azaleas Dutch Bulbs, etc.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

There has been very little taking place lately in the way of gaieties, with the exception of a few afternoon teas and some small evenings. There is a rumor that an At Home will be given shortly, and that later in the season a gay time may be anticipated. The Thespians are still holding their weekly meetings, but the date for giving a play does not seem to be decided on yet.

Miss Bessie Sanford left last Tuesday to spend some time with her sister, Mrs. Henry Boys of California.

Mr. Charles Ardagh of the Bank of Toronto has been granted three months leave of absence to enable him to take a trip to the Old Country to benefit his health. The staff of the bank presented him with an address and a substantial token of their regard and sincerity. Mr. Ardagh sailed last week for Europe.

Mrs. Lett of Rockcourt, Cullingwood, spent a day in town last week, and was the guest of Mrs. Fred Lett.

Rev. Mr. French of Cookstown was in Barrie recently.

Mr. H. Williams of this town has received an appointment in the Bank of Commerce.

Mr. Frank Baker, who has been in New York for several months, returned home last Saturday.

Miss Alice Schreiber left last Monday to spend two weeks in Toronto.

Rev. Mr. Crompton was in town this week, and while here was the guest of Mrs. Daniel Spry.

Miss Hughson of Sarnia is visiting her cousin Mrs. J. Henderson of Bellevue.

Mr. W. Bell of Alliston was in town last week. OCULAIRE.

This (Saturday) afternoon at 2 o'clock the pupils of Prof. Farringer of the Ontario College of Music, Carlton street, will engage in a contest to test their musical ability, and some substantial prizes in cash are offered. Admission is by ticket, and an interesting time may be expected.

HENRY C. FORTIER, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
At office—16 Victoria Street, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
At residence—57 Murray Street, evenings. TORONTO.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses 601 Queen street West, between Portland and Bathurst Str ets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence 118 Palmerston Avenue.

GEO EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 138 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

DALY—At Guelph, on October 22, Mrs. John J. Daly—a son.

GORDON—At Toronto, on October 9, Mrs. G. A. Gordon—a son.

BAIRD—At Toronto, on October 13, Mrs. James Baird—a son.

PERRY—At Toronto, on October 19, Mrs. A. D. Perry—a son.

BAXTER—At Toronto, on October 21, Mrs. J. Baxter—a son.

BRAYLEY—At Goderich, on October 17, Mrs. J. Burt Brayley—a daughter.

CAMPBELL—At Toronto, on October 20, Mrs. Donald Campbell—a son.

O'BRIAN—At Toronto, on October 22, Mrs. J. B. O'Brian—a daughter.

HILTON—At Toronto, on October 17, Mrs. F. A. Hilton—a son.

DEVANEY—At Toronto, on October 10, Mrs. T. B. Devaney—a daughter.

EARLEY—WILMOTT—At Stratford, on October 17, Mrs. E. Earley—Wilmott—a son.

FREELAND—At Riverdale, on October 19, Mrs. Edward B. Freeland—a daughter.

SCULLY—At Owen Sound, on October 14, Mrs. M. Scully—a daughter.

WEBER—At Nottawa, on October 5, Mrs. L. Weber—a daughter.

Marriages.

HANSFORD—HENDERSON—At the Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Toronto, on October 23, by Rev Wm. Hansford, D.D., father of the groom, assisted by Rev. E. A. Stafford, D.D., and Rev. A. H. Reynar, L.D., Coburg, uncle of the groom, Jeffrey E. Hansford of Osgoode Hall, Barrister-at-law, to Frankie, eldest daughter of J. H. Henderson, inspector of the North of Scotland Canadian Mortgage Company.

COLLINS—JOURNEY—At Uxbridge, on October 15, Mr. Joseph Collins to Miss Sarah Journey.

HANCOURT—HUTCHINSON—At Toronto, on October 16, Ernest H. Hancourt to Gertie M. Hutchinson.

HANEY—HARDING—At Toronto, on October 15, William Haney to Ida V. Harding.

CHISHOLM—STEWART—At Hamilton, on October 17, James Chisholm to Annie M. Stewart.

DAWSON—MACMILLAN—At Petrolia, on October 16, Herbert J. Dawson to Jessie Pearson MacMillan.

MACDOUGALL—HAWKE—At Toronto, on October 22, Captain J. C. MacDougall to Josephine Hawke.

MACTAVISH—LEE—At Toronto, on October 22, William MacTavish to Nellie Lee.

McLEAN—MEREDITH—At Toronto, on October 22, Archibald Donald McLean of Calgary, N. W. T., to Alice Meredith of Toronto.

MACDONALD—LOTHIAN—At Toronto, on October 16, Alexander Macdonald to Susie H. Lothian of Bristol, Que.

POWELL—POWELL—At Dublin, on September 19, Rev. John Kent Powell of Bedford, England, to Ellen Martha Powell.

PRATT—WHITE—At St. Thomas, on October 16, Edward Courtney Pratt to Edith Augusta White.

SMITH—RAINE—At Port Hope, on October 17, Charles A. Smith to Lizzie Louise Raine.

WIGHT—PRATT—At Toronto, on October 9, Mr. John Wight of Algoma Mills, to Julia Pratt of Baltimore, Ont.

Deaths.

DUKE—On October 22, Mrs. J. P. Duke, aged 30 years.

HODGKIN—At Deer Park, on October 22, Mrs. T. I. Hodgkin aged 53 years.

HUTCHINSON—At Buffalo, on October 19, John Hutchinson, aged 32 years.

MAXWELL—At Toronto, on October 21, Mrs. Robert Maxwell, aged 45 years.

ROBERTSON—At Toronto, on October 22, Mrs. Jessie Robertson, aged 79 years.

SPROULE—At Oshawa, on October 20, John Sproule, aged 20 years.

STEELE—Near Port Stanley, on October 22, Mary Steele, aged 30 years.

JOHNSON—At Toronto, on October 19, Richard Johnson.

PARSELL—At Wexford, Ont., on October 22, Thos. Parsell, aged 70 years.

BURNS—At Mount Forest, on October 19, Ruth Burns, aged 11 years.

JESSIMANE—At Toronto, on October 19, Mrs. Peter Jessimane.

ARMSTRONG—At York, on October 18, Mrs. Edward Armstrong, aged 77 years.

DUNBAR—At Toronto, on October 16, Francis L. Dunbar, aged 27 years.

HODGSON—At Toronto, on October 17, Mrs. John T. Hodgson.

HUNTER—At Toronto, George Hunter.

KRAUSS—At Toronto, on October 17, Frank Krauss, aged 41 years.

SLEETH—At Toronto, on October 20, Mrs. David Sleeth, sen., aged 68 years.

TURNER—At Hamilton, on October 19, Hon. James Turner, aged 63 years.

GEO. W. CABLE

The well-known Southern author will read his beautiful and touching story,

GRANDE POINTE

ON

Monday Eve'g, November 11

IN THE

HORTICULTURAL PAVILION

Commencing at 8 O'clock.

Admission - - - 25c
Reserved Seats - - - 50c

Plan opens at Nordheimer's, Monday, Nov. 4, at 10 a.m.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

ONE WEEK

Commencing Monday, October 28

WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MATINEES

THE EMINENT ACTOR

ROBT. MANTELL

Under the Management of Augustus Pitou

IN THREE GREAT PLAYS

Monday and Tuesday Evenings and Wednesday Matinee

MONBARS

Wednesday and Friday Evenings and Saturday Matinee

THE

MARBLE HEART

Thursday and Saturday Evenings

OTHELLO

Seats Now Selling at the Box Office

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE SEASON

HORTICULTURAL PAVILION

Monday Evening, November 4

THE FAMOUS

Boston Symphony Orchestral Club

Composed of some of the former members of the celebrated Theodore Thomas' Orchestra, of New York, and Boston Symphony Orchestra. Assisted by the famous Swedish Prima Donna

MISS AUGUSTA OHRSTROM

And including the following Virtuosos:

MR. ALFRED DE SEVE, the celebrated Violinist, formerly so old with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

MR. JOSEPH LAPINE, the well known Violinist, formerly with the Theodore Thomas Orchestra of New York.

MR. RICHARD STOELZER, Viola and Viola D'Amour, formerly with the Damrosch Orchestra.

MR. OTTO LANGEY, the great Cellist and Composer of London.

MR. FRED LAX, the famous Flute and Flageolet Virtuoso of Gilmore's Band.

MR. J. FASSBAUER, Double Bass.

A Grand Program of

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC, VOCAL GEMS, and INSTRUMENTAL SOLOS

Will be given at this Entertainment.

SECURE YOUR SEATS EARLY

General admission 50 Tickets with reserved seats 75c. and $1, at A. & S. Nordheimer's. Plan opens to the public on Wednesday, October 30 at 10 a.m.

MISS

JESSIE ALEXANDER

Having added to her already extensive repertoire will have the honor of presenting to the public an entirely new programme of

READINGS

Dramatic, Humorous and Pathetic

AT

ASSOCIATION HALL

ON

Monday Evening, November 4

MONSTER CONCERT

ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Monday Evening, Nov. 11

By LEVY and his famous galaxy of artists, comprising:

MR. JULES LEVY ..... The Greatest Cornetist in the world
MME. STELLA LEVY .....
..... The Distinguished and Popular Soprano
MME. ROSE LINDE ..... The Celebrated American Contralto
MR. WILLIAM J. LAVIN ..... The Great American Tenor
MR. EDWIN SHONERT ..... The Eminent Pianist

Assisted by the popular Heintzman Band—40 Musicians 40—under the direction of MR. THOMAS BAUGH. A great musical novelty will be presented. Reserved seats 81. Reserved seats 75c. and 50c. General admission 25c. Concert at 8 p.m. sharp. Tickets at Nordheimer's, Whaley, Royce & Co.'s, and Heintzman & Co.'s.

MISS PAYNTER

Millinery Parlors

IMPORTER OF

French, English

AND

American Novelties

No. 3 Rossin Block

King Street West

TORONTO.

251 YONGE ST.

Opposite Holy Trinity Church, Yonge St.

Miss Stevens

FASHIONABLE MILLINER

Is now prepared to show her patrons A new and beautiful stock of

Millinery, Feathers and Fancy Goods

at most moderate prices. Wearers of good Millinery, etc., should pay an early visit.

Note the address.

JOHN J. TONKIN

THE

FASHIONABLE TAILOR & HATTER

OF TORONTO

The Finest Goods at Lowest Prices

155 Yonge Street, corner Richmond

TORONTO

Telephone 1730

ESTABLISHED 1860

MILLINERY

Fall and Winter Stock in great variety.

Stylish and Artistic work in all its branches.

Dressmaking

Perfection in Fashion, Fit and Finish guaranteed.

Leave orders early to insure prompt attention.

J. & A. CARTER

Manufacturers and Teachers of the

NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING

(Late Prof. Moody's)

SUMMER COOKING

The Wanzer Cooker

Is a complete revelation to cooks. With only one Wanzer Lamp 9 lbs. of beef is beautifully roasted and basted, while vegetables are being boiled and pudding or fish cooked at the same time

A 3-course dinner is all put on at the same time, left absolutely alone, and all taken off at the same time, and better cooked than over a range. No odor of food in the room. Cost of fuel per meal only one-half cent.

Send for catalogue.

R. M. WANZER & CO.

MANUFACTURERS

Hamilton - - - Ont.

AMERICAN FAIR

334 Yonge Street, opposite Gould

Opened to-day, a line of Best Rockingham Ware—Jugs, 8c. to 10c. each; Tea Pots, 8c., 10c., 15c., 18c.; 25c.; Coffee Pot, 39c.; Large Bowls, Pie Plates, Baker's Stew Kettles, 25c., worth 50c.; Toilet Sets, 69c.; Chambers, 12c., worth 20c.; Spittoons, etc. Also a line of fine Lamps at most popular prices; Glassware, 7 beautiful Goblets for 25c; Bread Plates, 6c.; Sugar Bowls with covers, 7c.; Pitchers, 7c., worth 15c. and never sold for less. We closed out the balance of a factory stock that was retiring from making more. Clothes Wringers, $3.48, $3.98 and $4.48, worth respectively $5, $6, and $7; Coal Scuttles, 19c. for medium, 24c for large, and 29c for Scuttle with funnel. They are the best made, beautifully painted and gold-banded. All our Tin and Iron ware is of best make and material—we keep no other. No. 8 Copper-Bottom Boiler, $1 25; No. 9, $1 34; Web Halters, 12c., worth 35c., and Cow Ties, with ring and snaps, 8c., worth 15c; Carriage Whips—A common 6 foot whip, 7c., a better one, 14c., and still better, 21c; then comes in 2 lines of fine Whips. No. 1 we sell for 25c., worth 50c., and No. 2 for 49c., worth $1.25. Several are buying these latter of us and selling them again for $1 to $1.25, and giving good value too. We bought them at about 50% on the dollar.

WM. H. BENTLEY & CO.

DRESSMAKING

Ladies requiring First-class Dressmaking at moderate prices are cordially invited to inspect our work and get our prices for Street Costumes, Dinner or Evening Dresses, etc., before placing their orders.

We guarantee perfect satisfaction to our patrons coupled with most reasonable charges.

Wedding and Mourning orders have our careful and prompt attention. Our stock of

Black and Mourning Dress Materials
Colored Dress Materials
Henriettas, Silks, &c.

Is large and complete

In our Mantle Rooms we offer special inducements in Mantles, Jackets, Ulsters, Dolmans, Jerseys, Waterproofs, &c.

Samples sent by mail when requested.

M'KEOWN & COMPANY

182 YONGE STREET

HAPPY THOUGHT RANGES

Fire will burn for months without rekindling, and saving at least one-third of the fuel ordinarily used. Oven will bake perfectly at any hour of the day

A Full Line of all Sizes and Styles Always in Stock

SEE THEM BEFORE PURCHASING

C. S. McDonald & Co.

187 YONGE STREET

The English - Franco - American Perfumes

ARE SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS

LEADING ODORS

White Rose
White Heliotrope
Jockey Club
Spring Lilac
Wood Violet

Winona Bouquet
Stephanotes
Lily of the Valley
Ess. Bouquet
Frernandina
Florida Water

Corinne Bouquet

"Canada's High Class Pianofortes."

THEIR

Unsurpassed Tone

AND

Unequalled Durability

HAVE WON FOR THE

Mason & Risch

PIANOS

THEIR ENVIABLE REPUTATION

Warerooms---32 King Street West and 519 Queen Street West

MISS BURNETT

117 Yonge Street

HAS JUST RECEIVED FROM EUROPE

NEW PATTERN BONNETS AND HATS

Mounts, Birds, French Feathers Flowers, Ribbons, Veilings &c.

INSPECTION INVITED

NEW DANCE MUSIC

Just published for Piano by Prof. J. F. Davis

La Zieka (Dance and Music) ..... 25c.
(Can be played for Ripple, Rye, Yorke, Redowa and Mazurka.)

Pit-a-Pat Schottische ..... 40c.
(All who hear this Sc ttische go in ecstacies over it. Send for it. You must like it.)

Kirmess Lawn Tennis Dance and Waltz out soon. Send to

PROF. J. F. DAVIS

Dancing Academy - 91 Wilton Avenue

SEWING MACHINES

LADIES:

Do you prefer a Machine with an Oscillating Shuttle?

Or one with a Vibrating Shuttle?

Or an Automatic with a Single Thread?

We make them all.

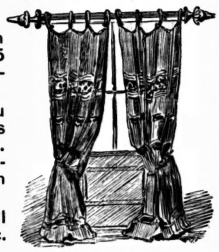
The Singer Manufacturing Company, New York

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

Central Office for Canada: - No. 66 King Street "West," Toronto

CURTAINS & CARPETS

Oilcloths and Linoleums



WILTON CARPETS--With 5-8 borders to match, at $1.65 a yard. Fine Goods at remarkably fine prices.

BALMORAL CARPETS---You can't tell them from Brussels until you come to pay for them. The difference then is very apparent. They're very much lower.

TAPESTRY CARPETS---All styles and all prices, from 25c. a yard up.

FLOOR CLOTHS, LINOLEUMS and CORK CARPETS ---An endless variety.

WINTER CURTAINS, POLES, RODS, STAIR PADS, STAIR BUTTONS, Etc., Etc.

R. WALKER & SONS

KING STREET EAST

COAL AND WOOD

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

COAL—Egg and Grate, $5.25; Stove and Chestnut, $5.50; Best Soft Coal, $5.50
WOOD—Hard and Soft. All kinds constantly on hand. Pine Wood for Brickmakers constantly on hand.

KEIRAN & McADAM

OFFICES AND YARDS—737 to 741 Queen Street West, 215 to 219 Manning Avenue
Telephone 1374 and 1297

DOMINION PIANO

1ST IN TONE
IN TOUCH
IN SWEETNESS
IN DURABILITY

SOLE AGENCY TORONTO TEMPLE OF MUSIC.
J. S. POWLEY & CO.
68 KING ST. WEST.

HEINTZMAN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANOFORTES

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano

Illustrated Catalogue free on application

Warerooms, 117 King Street W., Toronto.

MRS. MILLER

(LATE OF 100 YONGE ST.)

Modiste, Dress & Mantle Maker

HAS REMOVED TO

315 SPADINA AVENUE

A Tremendous Stock

OF

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING

Our stock of Fall and Winter Clothing is now very complete. Men's Suits and Overcoats in every known pattern and style. Young Men's and Boys' Suits and Overcoats are simply grand. We have this season gone to no end of trouble in order to show a stock of fine ready-made clothing that in every way would be equal in every respect to the finest custom work, and at the same time sell it at just one-third less price.

OAK HALL

THE GREAT ONE-PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE

115 to 121 King St. E., Toronto

WILLIAM RUTHERFORD Manager

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

ANOTHER SERIES OF

CALLAWAY'S

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED

EXCURSIONS

TO

British Columbia
Washington Territory
Oregon and California

November 5 and 19 and December 3, 17 and 31

For berths and all information, apply to any Agent of the Company, or write

W. R. CALLAWAY
118 King Street West - - Toronto

THIS is where the Business Men of Toronto, their Wives and Daughters are taking their mid-day lunches and afternoon refreshments with comfort and satisfaction.

66 and 68 Yonge Street
Near corner of King Stree

FURNITURE

FINE AND MEDIUM

Inspect my well-assorted stock before purchasing elsewhere.

PRICES LOW. ONLY ONE PRICE

UPHOLSTERING TO ORDER

Having a first-class staff of men I am enabled to give full satisfaction at very reasonable prices.

Come and see my new importations. SHOWING A PLEASURE.

486 Yonge Street **R. F. PIEPER** Opposite Carlton St.

R. J. Lloyd

247 Yonge St., opp. Trinity Square

TELEPHONE 295

CATERER .. ..

LATE OF LLOYD BROS.

HAS OPENED

A FIRST-CLASS

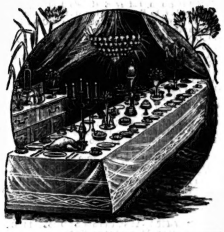
Lunch Parlor and Catering Establishment

AT ABOVE ADDRESS

Dinner Parties, at Homes, and Families Supplied with Cakes, Jellies, Ices, Charlotte Russe, Salads and Ice Cream, and all requisites on short notice

WEDDING CAKES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION TO ORDER

A General Assortment of Cakes, Pastry, Macaroons, Lady Fingers, Angel Cake, etc., made fresh daily.



247 Yonge Street, opp. Trinity Square. Telephone 295

ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS

HYDROLEINE

"HYDRATED OIL"

THROUGHOUT THE DOMINION

Causes Immediate Increase in Flesh and Weight,

and is equivalent in nutritive value to 10 times the same bulk of the finest preparation of Cod Liver Oil on the market, and has been so considered by all the leading physicians of Canada for the past 10 years.

Hydroleine is an **artificially digested** Cod Liver Oil mixing perfectly with water; contains no gum or indigestible matter and is so far ahead of any emulsion as to bear no comparison with it.

Compare a bottle of Hydroleine with any emulsion on the market and **Judge for Yourself.** Bear in mind that there are 8 ounces of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, and 4 ounces of water in each bottle of Hydroleine, **no gum** or other material whatsoever; while the best emulsions claim to contain 1 part oil, 1 part water and sufficient gum to make the emulsion, which is about 1 part, therefore giving you 4 ounces oil (half the quantity) 4 ounces water and 4 ounces gum to a 12 oz. bottle of emulsion, the **oil** in **no way changed,** merely held in suspension by the gum.

1st. You will see **Hydroleine** is of the consistency of cream, smooth and even, while the emulsion is thick, heavy, lumpy, like taking a dose of thick paste or gum mucilage. There is no comparison possible. Hydroleine is as far ahead of the ordinary emulsion as cream is ahead of mucilage.

2d. **Hydroleine's** artificial digestion is proven by its mixing perfectly with water in any proportion; this **fact** together with its small dose, two teaspoonfuls, makes it very easy to take and very reasonable.

Therefore Hydroleine, Palatable and Highly Nutritious is by far the cheapest and best preparation of Cod Liver Oil on the market. Price $1.00 per bottle; for sale by all Druggists. It is not a secret remedy; formula on every bottle.

The Endorsement of an able Physician Qualified to Judge is the Best Evidence of a Medicine's Merit.

Dr. E. H. Trenholme, Beaver Hall, Montreal, says:—"I have prescribed Hydroleine very largely with the greatest satisfaction to myself and benefit to my patients. One delicate lady (Mrs. McC—) gained **16 Pounds** by taking four bottles of Hydroleine. In many other cases the increase in flesh and weight has been very remarkable."

And later on Dr. Trenholme again writes:—"My experience with Hydroleine has been more than satisfactory, and I know no remedy like it in cases of Scrofulous or tubercular diathesis. In some of my cases the effects of this remedy have been really marvellous."

Dr. J. J. Dugdale, La Gauchetere Street, Montreal, says:—"I consider Hydroleine a most valuable preparation and have shown my estimation of it by prescribing it to some thirty or more of my patients, many of whom have been greatly benefitted by its use."

Two of Montreal's leading Physicians. Also refer to any first-class Physician in Toronto.

HAZEN MORSE, Sole Proprietor, International Bridge, Ont.

HYDROLEINE CURES CONSUMPTION, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, AND CHRONIC COUGHS, WASTING DISEASES.